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LITERATURE.

CORNISH POETRY.

The Poetical Works of Robert Stephen Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow. Edited by J. G. Godwin. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

Memories: a Life's Epilogue. Second edition. (Longmans.)

THE modern tendency towards centralisation is fatal to many local forms of culture which exercised a beneficial influence in distant parts of England. It seems hardly likely that we shall see another Lake school in poetry or Norwich school in painting; provincial talent, nowadays, is sucked into the vortex of London, and is lost in the boundless superfluity of cleverness. Many a man who achieves no fame in the metropolis, and who is mentioned after his death only by the circle of his friends, might have attained celebrity if he had been content to stay where he was born, cultivating his slender genius and deeply colouring his style with local tinctures. Cornwall is almost the last county to preserve an intellectual independence. Its scanty population, isolated position, and unique scenery tend to prevent its inhabitants from mixing much with other Englishmen, and to captivate them with its special charms. But among the Cornubian poets of our day, there is one whose merit is so remarkable that it has redeemed his name from the stigma of provinciality, and given him a firm place among contemporary English poets. This is the singular and brilliant Vicar of Morwenstow, Robert Stephen Hawker.

The edition of Hawker's poetical works with which Mr. Godwin has furnished us is almost complete, and contains a large number of pieces which could only be read until now by those who have secured the numerous and very scarce little volumes of verse which the poet produced between 1821 and 1863. But for those who possess that selection, entitled *Cornish Ballads, and other Poems*, which was prepared by Hawker himself in 1869, the new book presents no very strong points of interest. It is true that, besides the whole collection called *Tendrils*, the new volume contains forty-six poems not in the selection of 1869; but with the exception of the exquisite stanzas about the Cuckoo, entitled "I am the Resurrection and the Life," these unedited pieces have no very strong poetical merit. The best of them, moreover, are to be found in Mr. Lee's *Memorials of R. S. Hawker*. As for the lyrics called *Tendrils*, by Reuben, which are reprinted verbatim from the excessively rare edition of 1821, they are the work of a fluent youth of eighteen, whose ear and eye have been bewitched by the voluptuous melodies and

Persian splendours of *Lalla Rookh*, and to read them now can have no other result than to raise the languid wonder how a youth beginning under such foolish auspices could develop into the sternest and most masculine of modern ecclesiastical poets. But Hawker is one of those writers the accidents of whose career have strongly coloured their writings, and it is probably to the obstinacy of Bishop Philpots in binding him to the rock of Morwenna that we owe the peculiar flavour and quality of his poetry.

Of much that Hawker wrote on many subjects only two sections or species can be said to have survived him, namely, his ballads of the soil and his antiquarian or ecclesiological poems. It is by the former that he is, and must remain, most widely known. Mr. Godwin prints at the head of his edition that stirring "Song of the Western Men" the antique air of which deceived even so good a judge as Sir Walter Scott. It was written, as the author was careful to remark in later life, under a stag-horned oak in Stour Wood in the summer of 1825. Of a nobler rhythm and fuller range of sea-music is "The Silent Town of Botreaux," a poem highly characteristic of Hawker, not merely in form, but in its theological bearing. "The Dirge" has the same qualities in less intensity; but by far the best of Hawker's work in this direction are the two ballads entitled "A Croon on Hennacliff" and "The Wail of the Cornish Mother." I know nothing in modern ballad poetry so potent and terrible as the first of these, beginning:

"Thus said the rushing raven,
Unto his hungry mate:
'Ho! gossip! for Bute Haven!
There be corpses six or eight.
Caw! caw! the crew and the skipper
Are wallowing in the sea:
So there's a savoury supper
For my old dame and me.'"

In sardonic humour and angry irony it would be hard to find a match for this satire on the practice of wrecking, while in "The Wail of the Cornish Mother" we find the tender side of the pastoral and clerical character brought out with equal skill. This little poem breathes forth pity and love for the poor, and seems as gentle as the "Croon" is savage. These are without doubt the best of Hawker's lyrics, and, though he wrote many others more or less in the same style, none of them display the same perfection.

As a High-Church poet, Hawker is at his best in his fragmentary epic, *The Quest of the Sangraal*, originally published in 1863. But the same rigid solemnity and pomp of style are to be distinguished in such later lyrics as "Aurora," "King Arthur's Waes-hael," and especially in the marvellous verses entitled "Aishah Schechinah." In all these poems he is as unlike himself in the ballads as any two contemporary poets usually contrive to be. In the latter he is simple, direct, and fluent; in the former his style constrains him as a richly-embroidered robe of sacrifice may constrain the priest who wears it. The *Quest of the Sangraal* can boast of no great originality of subject. The attempts to prove that Hawker had precedence of Tennyson, and even suggested the theme to the Poet Laureate, are without the least foundation, and are contrary to all probability. There are those who cannot leave to Shakspeare the

honour of *Macbeth* because Middleton may, against all likelihood, have written the *Witch* before him. But though Arthurianism was in the air sooner than Hawker perceived it, the treatment at least is all his own. Nothing can be more singular than the movement of the blank verse in its gorgeous severity and splendid stiffness. Each line, in the most characteristic passages, stands alone, hammered out singly, without reference, speaking technically, to the context, and finer in harmony when isolated. The poem is full of such lines as these:—

"One of the choir whose life is orison."
"Excalibur had cleft them to the spine."
"He dwelt in Orient Syria, God's own land."
"Myriads, in gilded albs, for ever young."
"Sir Galahad holds the orient arrow's name."
"Ho! for the Sangraal! vanished vase of heaven!"

The quotations might be indefinitely increased; and in almost all cases the verse would be found to have the same metallic ring, the same regular cadence. To write iambics in this kind of burnished bronze is not praiseworthy, certainly; but that a poet in our lax generation has chosen to do it is at least a literary curiosity. But *The Quest of the Sangraal* is equally remarkable from an imaginative point of view. A strange passion and romance interpenetrate the purely theological system upon which the legend of Arthur is but very vaguely projected. A priestly pageant sweeps by, through the mist and over the rocks of a vast Cornish landscape, and we can hardly distinguish monk from knight, or either from the angels, who, in the guise of

"Young men, that no one knows, go in and out,
With a far look in their eternal eyes."

What the author quaintly calls a "numinous" light, a glory of the visible godhead, is poured over the mysterious personage, now Galahad, now Merlin, to whom it is given to guard the magic vessel that bore a *hin* of Christ's own blood. All this is mystical and crabbed, and, unfortunately, it is fragmentary also; but it possesses a mysterious beauty of vision which will probably never cease to have its band of admirers, fit but few. Hawker, who was doomed to have two such wonderfully diverse biographers as Mr. Lee and Mr. Baring Gould, seems to have had above most men a double outlook upon art and nature, the one always broadly human, and at times both violent and farcical, the other wholly visionary, hieratical, and esoteric.

Since the death of Hawker in 1875 the mantle of Cornubian song has fallen upon the shoulders of his old friend and fellow-singer, Mr. Henry Sewell Stokes, whose name has been honourably before the public for more than forty years. Mr. Stokes has the disadvantage to have been less obstinately isolated from ordinary life than Mr. Hawker was, and his poems, though perhaps on a higher general level, have less intensity and local colour. It was the salvation of the latter, as a poet, that he was a bigoted Churchman, while Mr. Stokes has always taken the larger, saner, but less inspiring views of modern Liberalism. It is probable that his work is less generally known than it deserves to be; without being always free from provincialism,

it is fresh and often vigorous. The volume before us, entitled *Memories*, is the reprint of one printed some years ago which cannot be said to be known to the present generation. It is a sort of autobiography, but whether a genuine one or not we cannot say. It is composed in the Spenserian stanza, and this difficult measure is used by the author with remarkable ease and grace. Few poets of our day have attempted this form of verse, so much in vogue in the beginning of the century, without experiencing a fatigue that they have contrived to pass on to the reader. Mr. Stokes soars nowhere very far into the empyrean, but he performs the remarkable feat of sustaining an unflagging flight for more than 6,000 lines. We cannot expect to see *Memories* become a popular poem in an age so impatient as ours. It should have been written a century ago, when it might have easily secured and retained popularity by the side of Beattie's *Minstrel* and the *Shipwreck* of Falconer. We gather, from an address the poet makes to himself, that the publication of this book is expected to close his career as a writer.

"So might it be! But, gray-haired Isleman, soon
Earth's rumours will not reach thee in the vale,
Though spared as yet, and grateful for the boon,
Beside the hearth to tell a winter's tale,
While shakes the roof-tree with the Northern
gale,
And the broad billows thunder on the bar;
And blest, if fast the links that bound thee fail,
That thou art not forlorn, nor yet afar
Weeps the pale orb of love that was thy morning-
star."

May he long survive to wear the laurel of
his gallant county!

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

The Sacred Books of China: The Texts of Confucianism. Translated by James Legge. Part I. The Shû King; the religious Portions of the Shih King; the Hsiao King. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THE fact that Confucius was a "transmitter," as he calls himself, of the thoughts of the ancients, and not the originator of a system, accounts for the apparent inconsistency of the existence of a Confucian text eighteen hundred years before the birth of Confucius. In the legendary stage of the history of most countries there are to be found godlike heroes whose only weakness is that they are mortal; and so in China there reigned a succession of monarchs from Fuh-he (2852 B.C.), the reputed founder of the Chinese polity, to the great Yu (2205 B.C.), the Chinese Noah, who were the embodiments of all that is wise and good. The history of the reigns of the earlier of these sovereigns is purely fabulous, and it is only with the reign of Yao (2356 B.C.) that undisguised fable is exchanged for even doubtful history. It is at this point that the historical records edited by Confucius, and which are translated in the volume before us, take up the narrative of events. Yao, we are told, was "reverential, intelligent, accomplished, and thoughtful;" and if we may judge from the received account of his reign this description is no more than his due. He appointed only the able and virtuous to offices in the State; he employed astronomers to calculate and delineate the movements and appearances of the sun, the moon, the stars,

and the Zodiacal spaces; and he then determined the four seasons and the length of the year. In Shun, the successor of Yao, there shone the same excellences which had distinguished his predecessor, and in his reign we hear for the first time of the worship of Shang-te, or, as Dr. Legge rightly translates the epithet, God.

The proper rendering of the words Shang-te, which mean literally the "Supreme Ruler," has been a fruitful theme of discussion among members of the various missionary bodies in China. Many of these hold, in opposition to the opinion of Dr. Legge and of those who think with him, that whatever may have been the associations connected with the epithet in the days of Yao and Shun, when the Chinese worship approximated to a pure monotheism, the degraded meaning attaching to it now is such as to make the translation of it by "God" little short of a desecration. The attributes belonging to the Shang-te of the ancient Chinese, however, find their nearest equivalent in those appertaining to the Hebrew God. And whether, therefore, it is in its present use most appropriately rendered by "God" or not, it should certainly be so translated in the early classical literature of China.

Among the successors of Yu, there arose sovereigns whose virtues were comparable with those of the founders of the empire, and who, therefore, shared in the veneration with which Confucius regarded the earlier worthies. The histories and characters of all these men furnished Confucius with the models of excellence to which he strove to raise his degenerate countrymen. He sought no higher aim, and he understood no loftier object. His was essentially a Pagan mind, to which even the religious hopes and beliefs of those for whom he felt such an unbounded admiration appealed in vain. His mental horizon embraced nothing beyond the things of this life. Among his followers and disciples he evaded all reference to the supernatural. The question whence man came and whither he is going never troubled him. In answer to a question about death, he answered, "While you do not understand life, how can you know about death?" Life, then, was his study, and life as represented by man as he exists. His fellow-creatures he regarded only as members of society, and he strove to work out for himself, by the light of ancient records, how he might best contribute to his own happiness and to that of the world in general. Thus it comes about that it is possible to describe with accuracy a work eighteen hundred years older than Confucius as a Confucian classic.

Following on the historical records referred to, Dr. Legge has given us translations of those among the ancient odes collected by Confucius which bear upon the religious worship of the Chinese, and of the "Classic of Filial Piety," the authorship of which is attributed by tradition to the Sage. In the odes are repeated the old religious beliefs which are met with in the historical records, but which find no reflection in the teachings of Confucius. The praises of Shang-te, or God, were the common theme of ballads sung in every state of the empire. Over all the concerns of man He was believed to exercise

a direct and personal superintendence. By His decree Kings were made, and rulers executed judgment. In His hands were the issues of life and death, and he whom He blessed was blessed, and he whom He cursed was cursed. As exponents of the popular beliefs of the Chinese, these ballads form a very valuable supplement to the historical records, and the notes added by the translator serve to bring out their full significance.

The Classic of Filial Piety concerns itself, as its name implies, with that virtue which was the central doctrine in the teachings of Confucius. As far as it goes it is in complete harmony with the earlier classics, but it falls as far short of the higher doctrines which those inculcate as Confucius did of the heroes whom he worshipped.

Dr. Legge's reputation as a Chinese scholar is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of his translations. To students of the language, the orthography which he has adopted, in accordance with the system of transliteration laid down by Max Müller for the translations of the "Sacred Books of the East," will, at first sight, be a stumbling-block, but its general adaptability to the sounds of the language is sufficiently obvious to suggest the possibility that it may in time supersede the many and discordant systems at present in use. Those acquainted with Dr. Legge's previous works will observe that in transcribing the sounds of the Chinese characters he has, in this instance, broken through the rule of a life-time, and that instead of representing the pronunciation of Central China, which may be said to be the head-quarters of the Mandarin dialect, he has adopted the dialectic pronunciation which is in use at Peking. As this is after all only a floating dialect, its employment would seem less appropriate in a work of the abiding nature of the present than that which finds sanction in all the best native and foreign dictionaries.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

The Facetiae; or, Jocular Tales of Poggio. Now first translated into English, with the Latin text. (Paris: Liseux.)

THE English language contains too many foul blots in it, but it is probably by far the purest of the great modern literatures. It speaks well for our countrymen that the *Facetiae* of Poggio have never until now found a translator; and when at last someone has been willing to undertake the loathsome task, that the book has not issued from an English press. There can be no possible good reason for giving this "opus turpissimum" to the English-speaking world in its own tongue. We do not deny that as a collection of tales, some of them of unknown antiquity, it has a certain value, and that any one who wishes to know what the life around the Papal Court has been will find it instructive to turn over its pages; but students of popular tales and historians of morals may be credited with some small skill in languages. Poggio wrote very easy Latin, and anyone who could matriculate at Oxford would not find much difficulty in using him in the original. Our literature has no right to receive a gift so inexpressibly foul as this is on the plea that it may be of some slight use

to a very few scholars. There are absolutely hundreds of foreign books the rendering of any one of which into English would be a benefit to humanity. We hold it, therefore, to be a grave offence to have selected this, which, when all has been said for it that can be said in its favour, must be pronounced to be almost as worthless as it is corrupting. If, as we imagine, the few real folk-tales which it contains be the excuse for its appearance, we would remark that the languages of Germany, Italy, and France are rich in folk-lore books of interest and value, almost all of which are unknown in this country beyond the range of a few students. What the morals of certain classes in Italy were like in the fifteenth century some few of us know. It is not important that details on the matter should be given. We do not have minute diaries printed of all the disgusting occurrences in hospitals or mad-houses. Historians commonly belong to the more reputable class of mankind, and as such naturally shrink from details which revolt every mind not sunk in corruption. Though we are strong advocates for original research, and for preserving the most minute details of history, we must say that even here there is a limit, and that it is not virtuous, but vicious, to popularise the literature of the sewers.

If Poggio's jests existed in but one or two MSS. we should be anxious for their preservation by the printing press, for the sake of the few things of value they contain, and the side-lights they cast upon a condition of Christian civilisation which outdoes anything we authentically know of the old heathendoms; but there is no need for thinking of this; the editions that exist are so many as to make their very enumeration a hard task. The authorities put it on the *Index Expurgatorius*, and this acted as a most useful advertisement. English publishers know how potent the babble of even the Lower House of Convocation is in stimulating the sale of heavy tomes of Oriental history. They can, therefore, well realise the business utility of a machinery like that of the *Index* when directed against a book containing many of the elements of popularity.

As Poggio very seldom gives authorities for his stories it is not possible to tell whether the folk-tales he has recorded were gathered directly from the lips of the people or copied out of earlier collections. We think that the greater part of them have been picked up from oral tradition. There is an English tale, told to show the difference between a true and a false induction. It sets forth how a doctor, taking his apprentice on a round of visits, rebuked in his presence a sick man who had eaten oysters. The apprentice asks his master how he knew what the patient had had for supper. The reply was, "I saw the shells under the bed." The next day the apprentice went to visit patients alone. On his return he reported to the doctor that a sick man whom he had seen would die to a certainty. "Why so?" enquired the doctor, who had apprehended no such catastrophe. "Because he has eaten a horse," was the reply; "I saw the saddle and bridle under the bed." Poggio gives this tale, only substituting the pack-saddle of an ass for a horse's saddle and bridle. The tale

of the old man who tried to please everyone, and in the end eventually carried his donkey, which at length he lost in the river, is here too; and also a curious version of a tale current in India and England, the seeming object of which is to make fun of people who are stupid in matters relating to number. The English story—we give the version we have often heard in Lincolnshire—is that a certain farmer called to his "garthman," and asked him, "How many pigs have I?" The reply was, "I don't know." "Go and count them, then, and come back and tell me," were the farmer's orders. In a short time the garthman returns and says, "Please, sir, I can't count them nohow. I can make five-and-twenty well enough, but there's one little jockey runs about so fast I never can get it counted." The Italian version sets forth how a rustic of Poggio's own village

"carried corn to Figliano on asses, which he frequently hired for the journey. Once, on his way home from market, he felt fatigued, and mounted the best donkey of the lot. When getting near his cottage he counted the asses that were in front of him, but took no account of the animal he was on, so that he fancied one was missing. Full of anxiety he leaves the asses with his wife, charging her to take them back to their owners, and forthwith returns to the market-town, seven miles distant, still riding the same beast, and enquiring of all those he meets on the way if they have not found a stray donkey. Always answered in the negative, he comes home at night, sad and grieving at the loss of the donkey. At last, at the call of his wife, he alights, and finds that he has before his eyes the animal he has taken so much trouble to look for."

Though Poggio had little humour himself, he has been the cause of it in others. Rabelais, Prior, Robert Burton, and Sterne have all helped themselves to his tales. The entertaining passage in the *Naufregium* of Erasmus, where the man in a storm bellows out to St. Christopher that if he will save him he will give the saint a wax taper as big as himself, but tells a comrade in an under-tone, so that Christopher may not hear him, that if he but once gets on shore he will not give so much as a tallow candle, has an almost exact parallel in the *Fucetiae*. Poggio professes to have picked up the tale during his stay in England. In his version the vow is made to Our Lady, and it was the captain of the ship, "qui erat Hibernicus," who made it. His taper was to be as high as the main-mast of the ship. The mate, more cautious, took him to task for his rashness, saying there would not be enough wax in all England from which to fabricate so huge a candle, but the captain bade him hold his tongue, for that, when he was once safe on land, Our Lady would have to be content with a penny taper—"candela parvi nummuli." It is not without instruction to note that, in the version given by Erasmus the Netherlander, the candle-vower is not an Irishman but a Zealander.

The book is rendered into idiomatic English, but there are one or two passages which lead us to hope that it is not an Englishman who has incurred the responsibility of making this most needless version of a most evil book.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Darwinism, and other Essays. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. (Macmillan.)

WERE it not for the last essay of the present collection, in which Mr. Fiske sets forth a little lugubriously his manifold duties as assistant-librarian at Harvard, we should be rather inclined to accuse him of undue idleness. His new volume, the only outward and visible sign of several years' labour, contains nothing more than a few reprinted critiques of current literature and one or two occasional lectures. *Noblesse oblige*; and we have a right to expect something better from a man of Mr. Fiske's high philosophical ability and wide culture. Three of the essays, for example, are mere short reviews of three books on Darwinism—Prof. Mivart's perversely ingenious *Lessons from Nature*, Dr. Bateman's ineptly fatuous treatise on *Darwinism tested by Language*, and Büchner's crudely materialistic work on *Man*. As reviews, they are just what we should expect an able critic such as Mr. Fiske to write, but, like most current criticism, they are hardly worth the trouble of republication. Equally slight is the paper on "Dr. Hammond and the Table-tippers," with one or two others. In short, we cannot resist the conviction that Mr. Fiske, finding himself in Europe, determined to make up a volume, and collected together a few miscellaneous writings for that purpose. How else can we account for the inclusion of the youthful paper on Buckle, from a large part of which, the author informs us in a foot-note, he "now of course thoroughly dissents"?

The first essay, on "Darwinism Verified," contains little that is new, though it sets the question of verification in an interesting light by the analogy of Newton's law of gravitation. The two most valuable essays are the one on Chauncey Wright and the "Postscript on Mr. Buckle," in which the author supplements his earlier views by the results of his matured conceptions. In both of these Mr. Fiske is seen to advantage. Chauncey Wright, the Gradgrind of philosophy, ever jealous and nervous of inferences, theories, and hypotheses, the willing slave of fact, physical and psychological, had his horizon perpetually limited by certainty, and could not see an inch beyond the absolutely undeniable into the vast region of the almost proved. Mr. Fiske, on the other hand, with his speculative mind and his familiar knowledge of modern views, shows off well against the grim background of his friend's literalism. The following passage throws a new light upon Chauncey Wright's individuality for all those who have not known him in the flesh:—

"Along with this absence of emotional excitability Mr. Wright was characterised by the absence of aesthetic impulses or needs. He was utterly insensible to music, and but slightly affected by artistic beauty of any sort. Excepting his own Socratic presence, there never was anything attractive about his room, or, indeed, anything to give it an individual character. In romance, too, he was equally deficient; after his first and only journey to Europe, I observed that he recalled sundry historic streets in London and Paris only as spots where some happy generalisation had occurred to him."

After such a description, we can better

understand the dry and bare reasoning of the *Philosophical Discussions*. The drama of the universe, as it reveals itself to Mr. Herbert Spencer, was far too consistent for Chauncey Wright's hard-headed positivism. He saw in the totality of things nothing more than a constant, aimless flux and reflux—mere "cosmical weather," as he loved to call it. Mr. Fiske has so assimilated the doctrine of evolution into his whole frame of thought that he can specially well point out the errors and misconceptions which beset his countryman. As elsewhere, however, he appears to us to interpret Mr. Spencer's Absolute a little more into accord with current theism than our own reading of *First Principles* would seem to justify.

The essays on Buckle display the same characteristics; only one is tempted to ask, Was Buckle worth the trouble? Is not to attack him now practically thrice to slay the slain? Belonging as he did to the old school of pre-Darwinians, he has been stranded long since by the new waves of thought, and he remains a mere historical curiosity, worthy of attention as the product of a transitional epoch, but not deserving of serious confutation at the present day. The philosophy of history which we require in the existing state of our knowledge must start from primæval man in his homogeneous condition as a highly-developed anthropoid, and it must go on to show us what were the varieties of physical environment which differentiated the Aryan from the Mongolian or the Euskarian, and the Hellenes from the Italians or the Kelts. It must dwell chiefly on that very trait of heredity which Buckle so strangely rejected. But the *History of Civilisation* is already so much a thing of the past that one feels towards Mr. Fiske's criticism much as the young doctor in Mr. Black's last novel feels when asked by the orthodox laird whether he has read the *Vestiges of Creation* and the splendid reply to that pernicious work in Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*.

In his one ethnological essay, Mr. Fiske ventures to assert that "the modern English, while Celtic at bottom, are probably half Teutonic in blood, as they are predominantly Teutonic in language and manners." Though fully believing with him that the Celtic race has given quite half the matter, as the Low Dutch has given all the form, we cannot help expressing our surprise that he should be bold enough to say so with the fear of Mr. Freeman before his eyes. A little reaction against the Teutonic dogmatists would be a healthy symptom in British ethnography.

GRANT ALLEN.

RECENT TOPOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

Lehrbuch der alten Geographie. Von H. Kiepert. Erste Hälfte. Einleitung, Asien und Africa. (Berlin: Reimer.)

Adolf Stieler's Hand-Atlas über alle Theile der Erde. 2. 3. 4. Lieferungen. (Gotha: Perthes.)

Die Ruinen Roms. Von Franz Reber. Neue Ausgabe. Erste Lieferung. (Leipzig: Weigel.)

Descriptiones nobilissimorum apud Classicos locorum. Edidit Alb. von Kampen. Series I.

Quindecim ad Caesaris de Bello Gallico commentarios tabulae. 1.—5. Lieferungen. (Gotha: Perthes.)

Campanien: Topographie, Geschichte und Leben der Umgebung Neapels im Alterthum. Von J. Beloch. Nebst einem Atlas. 1. Lfg. (Berlin: Calvary.)

Geschichte des Römischen Postwesens während der Kaiserzeit. Von Dr. E. E. Hudemann. Zweite Auflage. (Berlin: Calvary.)

KIEPERT'S *Atlas Antiquus* is so well known and so much used that a *Lehrbuch* of ancient geography giving the result of his enquiries and experience in collecting the materials for his admirable maps is a welcome addition to our means. It gives a clear summary of ethnographical and geographical knowledge in a series of numbered sections. The book begins with an account of the sources from which we have to draw our descriptions of ancient geography, and of the extent to which the ancients were acquainted with the surface of the earth. Then comes the ethnographical part, and a general survey of the world as known to the nations of antiquity. Asia is described at length in its three divisions, the Eastern, North-Western, and Southern or Semitic regions. Derivations of the names are given, especially for the Semitic districts, but this, of course, is a somewhat debatable matter, and all readers may not agree in identifying the Philistines with the Pelasgi as the "wanderers," or emigrants, from Crete to the mainland. Tacitus' strange mistake is well known, in making the kindred Jewish tribes migrate from Crete and in deriving the name *Judæi* from Mount Ida. Kiepert's account of Hindostan is especially good, and he shows briefly how part of the Aryan conquests southwards must have been made by sea. Explanations are here also offered of most of the names, e.g., of Serendib, an Arabic name for Ceylon, a name so well known in fiction. An idea of the proportion of the parts of the book may be gained from the fact that Egypt and Ethiopia are described in about twenty pages, Hindostan in twelve. This would, perhaps, not represent the proportions in modern times, but is, of course, relative to the knowledge of those countries in antiquity. Kiepert constantly refers to the leading works in each special department; thus, for Ariana, or Irân, reference is made to Spiegel's *Iranische Alterthumskunde*. The clear though contracted summaries in the notes are masterly.

The new edition of Adolf Stieler's *Hand-Atlas* has been thoroughly revised by August Petermann, Hermann Berghaus, and Carl Vogel. Twenty-nine out of ninety-five coloured maps are new, and the Atlas is being issued in parts containing three maps each. The first part has not reached us, but parts 2, 3, and 4 are a fair specimen of the whole. In reading we want two sorts of atlas by our side. One atlas should give the general outlines, with only the chief places noted, and the rivers distinctly marked, say in blue (as in George Long's useful *Ancient Atlas*). The roads should be given, but in modern maps railroads and telegraphs should be excluded, for they confuse the attention and prevent a general idea of the

lie of the country being gained. The other atlas should be like Stieler's, for more detailed work, giving hill and plain in their various gradations and contours, as well as the sea depths. The railways, too, should be given, for they are all-important in modern war, and where, as fortunately with ourselves, there is no war for them to illustrate, they are all-important for commerce and for that shifting of the population which causes the modern state of the country to differ so much from the ancient. The old roads followed the natural lie of the country much more than the railroads do, which so often pierce tunnels through the heights that form the watersheds. There is now such a network of telegraphs that they should be omitted. Taking the third part of Stieler now before us, we have three of the more important maps which may be said to illustrate commerce—the southern half of Great Britain, Holland and Belgium, and the eastern seaboard of the United States, the part between Washington and Boston being given more fully in a side map. The little countries of Europe, however, have to be given on a much larger scale in proportion than it is possible to adopt for America. Theoretically, of course, the perfect atlas should be all on the same scale, a series of ordnance maps; but, practically, we want a hand-atlas to illustrate history and the growth of commerce, and here the same scale need not be used. There are two maps of the new Western States of America—Oregon, Nevada, Montana, and so on—which may be called emigrants' maps. Physical details are not neglected. One map shows the heights and depths of land and sea, marked by varieties of colour, the deepest blue marking the greatest ocean depths. We should have liked to see this on a larger scale. Even on the small scale, however, the shallowness of the sea round these islands is clearly seen; and this is yet more visible in the map of Europe, in which the depths are given in fathoms, all down to five hundred fathoms being left white. Political divisions are marked by colours, the size of towns by marks varying with the number of inhabitants. Small side maps give Mont Blanc, and Kasbek in the centre of the Caucasus. In two small half-globes the volcanoes are well marked in groups and rows by two shades of red, and their nearness to the sea is conspicuous. The spelling of the names is a great difficulty; thus few of the names in the Caucasus appear in English Gazetteers. In the map of Polynesia, the most important islands and groups have small separate delineations, e.g., Tahiti, Hawaii, the Friendly Islands. No less than sixteen such small maps occur, for which the reader of travels and voyages of discovery will be grateful. There is only one map of Germany in these three parts—South-west Germany, including Lothringen and Elsass. This is given on the largest scale, 1:925,000, while that of Great Britain is 1:1,500,000 and that of Polynesia 1:40,000,000. All the maps can be had separately at about eightpence each, sixteen only out of the whole costing as much as a shilling. Anyone, therefore, wanting any special group of maps will be

able to construct his own atlas. A very useful collection might be made for European history.

The rapid progress of the excavations at Rome has made most of our old books on Rome more or less antiquated. Reber has taken advantage of this to enlarge and very much improve his work. This first part deals mainly with the various epochs to which the buildings of ancient Rome may be assigned. After an account of the earlier settlements on the Seven Hills, Reber proceeds to describe the Servian walls which united them all into one, taking Lanciani's description of the walls as his best guide. Then come a sketch of the early temples, and a notice of the extent to which the Greek orders of architecture were modified by the Romans. The development of architecture in the city is traced down to the end of the sixth century of our era. Besides the woodcuts in the text, representing the Pelasgic walls of Signia, the wall of Lanuvium and of Norba (once a "new town"), the well-house at Tusculum, the Emissary of the Alban Lake, there are five large plates of the Pelasgian Gate at Segui, the Temple at Cori, the so-called Temple of Fortuna Virilis, the two Temples at Tivoli, and the ruins of Caligula's Palace before the late excavations. The whole work will contain thirty-six of these large plates, seventy-two woodcuts, six plans, and a map of the city. The plates are essential to the text, as the changes in the style of building need illustration above all things. We can hardly speak of architecture in reference to the early walls and gates; the art may be said to begin with the erection of some of the temples, such as that of Diana on the Aventine attributed to Servius, and that of Jupiter Capitolinus said to have been finished by the second Tarquin—built in the Tuscan style, and therefore nearly as broad as it was long, and with the pillars disproportionately wide apart. Varro says that Greek artists appeared in Rome only a little while before the Decemvirate; and Livy's statement that Servius, in founding the Temple of Diana as the meeting-place of the Latins, had in mind the Temple of Diana at Ephesus cannot be understood in an architectural sense. Reber's account of all this is clear and interesting.

Von Kampen's descriptions of the localities of the chief events described in the classical authors promise to be useful. The plans are on a tolerably large scale, and as each part only costs sixpence, and the separate maps can be had for twopence each, they might be made very effective in school teaching. These maps to Caesar comprise the defeat of the Helvetians and of Ariovistus, the battle on the Axona (Aisne), the defeat of the Nervii, the bridge over the Rhine, with illustrations of the mode of construction, Avaricum, Alesia, Uxellodunum, the crossing to Britain, Aduatuca, Gergovia, Labienus' expedition, the defeat of Vercingetorix and that of the Bellovaaci. The fifth map has four parts, Octodurus, the defeat of the Venelli, and two plans for the campaign against the Veneti in Brittany. The author has partly followed Napoleon's Atlas, and

used the researches made by scholars and military men for the Emperor's use, but he differs from Napoleon's views in several cases. The letterpress on the wrappers of the copies sent us is in English, so that the book could be used without difficulty in English schools. If this succeeds, as it ought to succeed, illustrations to Livy, Xenophon, Curtius, &c., will follow.

What Reber has done for Rome, Beloch is trying to do for Campania, and, so far as this part goes, successfully. He points out how much remains of the ancient Naples in the old part of the modern city, with its straight streets at right angles to each other, corresponding to the Decumanus and Cardo of the Roman town. Irregular streets come to us from the Middle Ages, when every man built as was right in his own eyes, except when Edward I. built towns in Guienne on the plan of a Roman camp, of which there were also a few examples in England. The same system is visible in Puteoli, which was once the great port for Rome. Most Eastern cities had factories there, and the Eastern worship of Serapis prevailed, as the remains of the celebrated temple still show. Everyone remembers that the ship of Alexandria in which St. Paul sailed was bound for Puteoli. The enormous number of tombs along the roads leading out of the town shows the amount of its population. It was not until Claudius and Trajan built their great harbour works at the mouth of the Tiber that Puteoli declined. The Eastern traders then naturally preferred a port nearer the capital. A line of custom-houses, too, had previously separated the Neapolitan districts from the Roman. But to return to Naples. The straight streets leading down to the bay had a further advantage, as the cool wind from the sea blew through them, as may still be noticed in the old part of the city. The growth of the soil is as conspicuous at Naples as at Rome; the old roads are twenty palms under the modern ones. Roman London is buried just as deeply. This is independent of the sinking of the coast, which Lyell has so well illustrated. The elevation of the Monte Nuovo in 1538, it is true, again elevated the coast line—the holes previously made by the boring *lithodomus dactylus* are still visible in the pillars of the Temple of Serapis—but the coast is now again sinking. Beloch has an interesting discussion on the site of Palaepolis, which may have been on Pizzofalcone and the island off it, but he does not believe Livy's account (viii., 22) that it still existed at the time of the Roman war with Naples. He thinks it was merely the original Greek settlement. The later Naples was gradually Latinised. The Greek language had perished in Naples before Diocletian's time, and its restoration as a spoken tongue in part of South Italy and Sicily at a later period was due to Byzantine influence. The question depends in a great measure on inscriptions, and, in fact, inscriptions are our main source of information for much of the history in the Imperial times, as a glance at Beloch's book will show. The accompanying atlas gives maps of Naples, Puteoli, Kyme, and Baiæ. Perhaps the

general map of Campania should have been given with the first part.

Hudemann's History of the Post in Roman times is open to a preliminary objection that there was no such thing as a post then, in the sense of a public post, open for anyone to use. *Cursus publicus* meant only a State-post; State-officials and those who could get a permit (diploma) were alone allowed to use it. This became a great abuse, and the destruction of horses and cattle without compensation at last assumed alarming proportions, since the beasts, both in town and country, were pressed into the service. A whole series of laws had to be passed on the subject, as the *Curiales*, or better class, in the provincial towns were often ruined by the expense. Ammianus (xix., 11) speaks of "*vehiculariae rei jacturis ingentibus, quae clausere domos innumeras.*" He says that matters became worse after the bishops and other Church officials obtained from Constantine's family the right of using the cattle liable to the postal service on their way to the frequent Church assemblies. The grievance was far worse than that of purveyance in the Middle Ages, and yet even then the population took to flight at the approach of a King like Edward III. to avoid the oppression of a Court which hardly ever paid for the carts and cattle which it took. The system apparently passed on from the Empire to the barbarian kingdoms that took its place, especially to the Franks. How then did private people send letters and packets, if there was no post? They used private messengers (*tabellarii, cursores*), as we see in Cicero's *Letters*. In fact there was no real post in the modern sense even in England till the Stuart times, and its establishment marks the growing prosperity of the country. Limiting himself then to this sense of "State post," Hudemann discusses the whole question of its organisation. In the *Itineraries* of the Empire preserved to us we constantly see the post stations marked along the great roads. Hudemann has added a map of the Roman roads to illustrate the system, but it is on too small a scale to be of use. Hadrian and the Antonines took the expenses of the post on themselves and so relieved the *Curiales*, but the time of these good Emperors soon passed away. It is rather strange that no one had the idea of making a general post system pay by throwing it open to the public, but the world was made for Caesar and not for the people. Theodoric the Great lightened the burden in Italy, but the destruction of the Ostrogothic kingdom by Justinian ruined this as well as all other attempts at improvement in the West. In his second part, Hudemann discusses the administration, officials, permits, stations, cattle and carriages, and the sea-post, and adds an account of the legislation on the subject. The information is given in a compact and useable form, but the quotations from authors of very different ages are used too promiscuously, as if they were all applicable to any one time.

CHARLES WILLIAM BOASE.

NEW NOVELS.

The Sherlocks. By John Saunders. In 3 vols. (Strahan & Co.)

The Two Mothers. By J. M. Joy. (G. Bell & Sons.)

A Constant Woman. By Elizabeth Glaister. (Marcus Ward & Co.)

Gloria. By B. Perez Galdós. Translated by N. Wetherell. In 2 vols. (Remington & Co.)

The Sherlocks is probably as poor a novel as the author of *Hirell* is capable of writing, for no errors of judgment can impair the homely force, the sharp if not over-deep insight into character, and the rich, almost exhaustive, descriptions of real scenes upon which his reputation will continue to rest. These indigenous graces re-appear in *The Sherlocks* as vigorous as ever, but even these cannot atone for a vague plot, makeshift machinery, and twenty-times-told incident. Yet it is easier to perceive the failure of the work as a whole than to divine the precise cause or to point out the remedy, for we cannot even pretend to say whether Mr. Saunders is struggling throughout to reduce to order a ground-plan too hastily and vaguely laid down, or whether, with a defined aim before him, he has tangled his threads and lost himself by the way. In accordance with the latter view it would seem that Peter Sherlock, the father of the family, was at first intended for the central figure, but he steadily fades into the background, and finally leaves us—and perhaps Mr. Saunders, too—as uncertain of his real place in the story as of his fitness to fill it. His wife is a more finished creation. The brutality of her first husband, the loss of her child, and a perverse talent for wresting Bible texts has hardened and narrowed, but not entirely deformed, the woman who at last consents to become step-mother to her old suitor's boys. An infant niece is then thrown upon their hands, who, disliked by the aunt, is allowed to grow up as a neglected drudge. Her uncle, after conniving for years at this cruelty, scarcely atones for it, we think, by the dazzling scene in which he restores her to woman's dignity by the magic of the milliner and pastry-cook. Little Sophie's aspirations and discontents and heart-burnings are very tenderly and prettily told; and when she discovers that she is, after all, Mrs. Sherlock's long-wept daughter, and in her sensitive loneliness decides to keep the secret until she has tried to win her mother's love by sweetest obedience, we feel that the episode is supplanting the fable. But this fine opportunity is well-nigh lost—the revelation is neither timely nor effective. Peter's crime, too, about which we hear so much, was really no crime at all; only that, being joint-trustee with Pauline's father, he was not sharp enough to suspect his trusted old friend of swindling his own child. The sons are pleasant but familiar characters—Ben the athlete, who runs away and enlists, and Charles the artist, who, losing his sight, becomes fretful, amorous, and poetical. The second half of the book is mainly devoted to that favourite device of a past generation of novelists, the lovers' quadrille, in which

Ben and Charles and Sophie and Pauline fall in love, become engaged, exorcise themselves with misunderstandings, sulk, recriminate, fight, and finally change partners, and are just going to be happy when poor Ben, the best of them all, dies. It was he who had long before, with culpable negligence, knocked out Charles's eye, and poetical justice demanded that Charles should push him into the water. And so everybody is left perfectly miserable, which is no more than they must have expected all along, for Mr. Saunders' retributions possess the added misery of ever casting their shadows before in the form of undefined presentiments. In paper, printing, and still more in the refined taste of its binding this book sets an example which we only hope will be followed.

The Two Mothers is merely a story of the "Halfpenny Illustrated" class. It treats of the French Revolution, and is apparently intended for an historical romance. Some reference to a popular history was of course necessary, but beyond that the writer does not appear to possess much knowledge of French history, language, and manners. Add to this that she evinces no possible qualification as a narrator, except a propensity to magniloquence, and we need hardly explain further why we cannot describe *The Two Mothers au sérieux*.

A Constant Woman is the last addition to the "Blue-Bell Series." There is something to be said on behalf of parents who shift the trouble of censorship upon this system of guaranteeing the purity and wholesomeness of love-stories. The delusion that purity and prosiness are by nature inseparable is too inveterate to complain of, but it is curious how grievously those who cramp their movements by the tightest lacing fall foul of the sensitive delicacy they profess to guard. Carefully and loyally as *A Constant Woman* is written, its main thread is of coarsest fibre. Mrs. Dartford invites her sister Mildred to her house expressly to enslave her new acquisition, the handsome cathedral architect. Mildred in vain discovers that "his eyes and hair and beard all match," for Mr. Clare falls in love with a rival beauty; Mildred goes home to papa—much space being occupied by these constant marches and counter-marches—the rival catches cold and dies, and the two sisters once more rally on the field. Mr. Clare then "keeps company" with Mildred for a long time in a decorous and highly intellectual way, but artfully evades a formal capitulation. Time is flying and Mildred growing no younger, so the allies draw him into the ambush of a seaside trip. The *coup de main* is not a brilliant success. Mr. Clare retires behind his trenches with no worse loss than a tacit engagement, retreats home, and negotiates an alliance with a hostile heiress. Too late Mildred pursues—he cuts her dead. But the fortune of war turns at last. The heiress jilts him, he falls from a scaffolding, and, with profession, reputation, and health gone for ever, he gracefully surrenders, proposes, and is accepted. But the *dénouement* is not yet complete. It turns out that Mildred had been after all a poor strategist—with Fabian caution she had kept back her reserves too long in suppressing

the fact of the £300 a-year which she possessed, for Mr. Clare ingeniously "confesses that if he had known it he would have gone in for her directly, and never coquetted with that." The obvious moral of this plot—which, as a typical one, we have drawn out perhaps too fully—is put into Mr. Dartford's mouth: "Let this be a warning to you never to have any ridiculous mystery about a girl's money." Now, it is not that the story is coarse or unreal in tone, for it describes a narrow and commonplace phase of life with fidelity and even force, and the last chapters admirably disclose the fast fading of the honeymoon of such a marriage. The characters, too, are natural enough—Mr. Clare, the conceited, spoiled beauty; and Mildred, the excellent vicar's daughter, who prudently swallows her pride to please her fancy. But we entirely fail to discover what peculiarly high or healthy inspiration the youthful mind can draw from this fount of straitlaced villany and genteel sharp practice. Pious stories should be spiced with warmer love than this, or they become mere fingerposts, pointing where they dare not follow. When *The Constant Woman* is put into young miss's hands it is high time to hunt for *Not Wisely, but Too Well*, beneath her pillow.

Gloria is worth reading as a typical specimen of modern Spanish fiction, and as reflecting in some degree the transition state of religious opinion in Spain. It is only too natural that revived nationalities should cast even their romances in a French or English mould, and possibly Japan has already its Zola and its Dickens; but the Spanish spirit is far too persistent to escape altogether from the exuberant and fantastic traditions of its old novelists. Hence Señor Galdós, while he aspires to English philosophising and American buffoonery, is always relapsing into the amorous gossip and superb prolixity of a nation which takes no count of time. He loves to describe houses and gardens and orchards, and church decorations and processions, and describes them pleasantly enough, with much bright colour, hot sunshine, and lazy laughter, and, in spite of the modern impertinence of his remarks *aside*, he never impairs the dignity of his chief characters. The story, which is written from the Liberal, if not Rationalist, point of view, turns upon the still-surviving Catholic prejudice against the Jews. Gloria is a maiden who aspires to think, her father is a good Catholic, her aunt a practised proselytiser, her uncle a saintly prelate; all forcible and probably faithful portraits. A shipwrecked young English Protestant is received into the house and gains Gloria's love while the family are intent on his conversion. When too late, he reveals to her his secret—he is not only a Jew, but, by birth, wealth, and talents, the rising hope of his race. Even the usual Spanish reparation of marriage is now too deep a profanation. After long struggles of conscience, which are finely studied and described, he at last decides upon a feigned conversion, from which he is saved by his mother's plots and by Gloria's generous renunciation, who, entangled in her aunt's pious toils, escapes to die reconciled to her lover over her child's cradle just as the convent is yawning for its prey. There is much of

pathetic and dignified tragedy in these later scenes, which contrast well with the narrow and jovial types of provincial piety in the first volume. *Gloria* has suffered terribly at the hands of the translator. As we have not the original before us we cannot be sure whether such expressions as "splendrous," "majestuous," "glossarize," "correspond" (used of personal liking), "gross frippery" (for bad language), "sublime conceits" (for noble thoughts), &c., are the mistakes of a Spaniard ignorant of English, or the usual lazy school-boy's trick of giving an English termination to foreign words. To understand some sentences it is even necessary to pause and reconstruct the Spanish. We need not, therefore, condemn Señor Galdós unheard for the slipshod and flippant tone of the translation.

E. PURCELL.

RECENT VERSE.

SOME time ago, in reviewing the poems of a Belgian iron-worker, we ventured to doubt whether so successful a specimen as M. Frenay could be found among the same class in England. Mr. Alexander Anderson's *Ballads and Sonnets* (Macmillan) enable us to acknowledge with great pleasure that the doubt was unfounded. The author is, or was, a railway surfaceman, and his work is very exceptionally good of its kind. The remarkable thing about it is that the more ambitious poems are as good as the more homely, or perhaps we should rather reverse the phrase, and say that the more homely poems are as good as the more ambitious. The most perilous effect of culture upon those who are not to the manner born is that they often acquire, more or less imperfectly, the language and ideas of the higher classes, while they unlearn their own natural speech and thought. This is not the case with Mr. Anderson. His "Jenny wi' the Airn Teeth"—an awful bogie who besets sleepless children—is as natural and as charming a piece of dialect as any we have read (if George Eliot will pass us the phrase) for many a long day. On the other hand his "In Rome," his "Summer Invocation," and his "Agnes" are serious poems in literary English which rank him far up in the lower division of contemporary poets. "Châteaux en Espagne" is what is, perhaps, harder still for such a writer to produce, a comic piece also in full dress and perfectly observant of the very difficult limitations which such work requires, and which, be it observed, writers with far more pretensions than Mr. Anderson constantly transgress. Perhaps the poem most likely to be generally popular is "Blood on the Wheel," a professional tragedy of the kind that meets with many admirers, and very well done. Mr. Anderson's chief fault is a certain diffuseness which makes it difficult to select any short passages for quotation. As an instance of culture under difficulties, his work is of the highest interest.

The Obliviad. (New York: Miller; London: Quaritch.) This is one of those curious books which appear now and then in consequence, it would seem, of their authors taking *facit indignatio versum* as a general law of the universe instead of the statement of a particular fact. The author of *The Obliviad* seems to have conceived a burning hatred of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and he has enshrined this aversion in a bulky volume written on the plan, now of *The Dunciad*, now of Mathias' forgotten *Pursuits of Literature*. It is perhaps sufficient to say that he regards with impartial aversion Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Sala, Mr. Browning and Miss Braddon, beside many other writers equally oddly assorted. He

is, however, not destitute of a certain faculty of verse, and possesses somewhat the same inaccurate omniscience in matters literary that Father Holt of *Esmond* affected in politics.

Quiet War Songs, &c. By James Baker. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) The chief thing noticeable about Mr. Baker's book of well-intentioned verse is the merit of the illustrations by Mr. H. Whatley. They are lithographs, and lithography of the better class is not very common just now in England. Mr. Whatley's designs are graceful, but they suffer from a certain finicking appearance which has nearly always been the bane of our lithographers when they have attempted anything but the roughest work. If Mr. Whatley would study Gavarni and some of Gavarni's contemporaries he might probably give us something that we should be glad to see.

A Lyric of Fairy Land, and other Poems. By A. E. Waite. (Catty.) A very small volume of thoughtful and not ungraceful verse by a writer who has read his Wordsworth to some purpose. As yet, however, Mr. Waite is not out of leading strings.

Elizabethan Echoes. By the late John Addis. (Pickering.) This little book is somewhat interesting as a memorial of a kind of life often lived in our fathers' days and seldom in our own. Mr. Addis seems to have taken his degree at Cambridge, and then to have lived in the country, and among his books, for some twenty years till he died. As a life work, these *Echoes* would, of course, be but a meagre result. But as successive indications of a scholar's course of study and thought, they are not without attraction. The following sonnet is a pretty conceit prettily worded:—

"My love hath died the death, the spirit hath fled,
That life-informed that tenement of clay.
Needs must I bury out of sight my dead,
Or rid me of the corpse some other way.
I will not bury in the soulless earth
That soulless body that contained my soul;
Slow rottenness would make it nothing worth,
And thought thereon would bring me ceaseless dole.
Her eyes I'll change to stars, her golden hair
To sunbeams, and the mingled red and white
Of that fair face shall rose and lily wear;
Her blush shall glow in dawn of sunset's light,
Her breath an odour be, and gifted ears
Her voice shall hear in music of the spheres."

Songs in the Strife. By J. R. Aden. (S. Tinsley and Co.) Mr. Aden may almost be credited with the invention of a new poetic form. We have, at all events, never seen anything quite like the following:—

"The time will come
When you shall plead
And supplicate and try
To woo them back to you
With piteous prayers
And tears and folded hands;
But the bolt
Shall be rusted
In the socket of the door
Of your soul,
So that the angels
You have refused
Can neither gain admission
Nor the devils
You have entertained get out."

There are worse things than this in *Songs in the Strife* and better, but there is nothing so original.

The Return from the Captivity, Isandula, and other Poems. By the Rev. T. Tilston. (Houlston and Sons.) This volume chiefly deserves notice because of a remark in its preface containing a damnable doctrine and position which we had hoped had long been abandoned. Mr. Tilston claims special indulgence for "Isandula" and "The Relief of Ekowe" because they are almost extemporaneous effusions, and were

written after the volume had been some time in the hands of the printer. Now this excuse is really the most damaging of self-accusations. Poetry is not, so far as we know, a thing that anybody is bound to write, and the plea of haste is therefore absolutely inadmissible. We cannot, indeed, imagine any excuse which would justify the publication of such lines as

"Hurrah! though some fall in the fight, for the
fairest of contests we strive
To keep mid this dim realm of darkness a gleam
of true progress alive,
We fight as the champions of freedom, to succour
a civilised race,
And to teach those who bow to a tyrant no tyrant
our forces shall face."

But if it will console Mr. Tilston, we can assure him that his impromptu verses are quite equal to those which, apparently, he has composed with the greatest care.

Linda, and other Poems. By Jane C. Simpson. (Edmonston.) Mrs. Simpson somewhere speaks of Longfellow as "the great enchanter," and in this phrase we may, perhaps, not unfairly see some indication of her own characteristics as a poetess. The chief poem in this volume, which is one of some size, is a verse tale somewhat in the *Theodric* and *Guido and Lita* kind. The remaining poems, which are very numerous, deal chiefly with the domestic affections. They are always irreproachable in sentiment, and frequently possess decided merits in point of music and imagery. What they lack, as the following extract will show, is distinction and *cachet*:

"I know not if thy spirit weaveth ever
The golden phantasies of mine for thee;
I only know my love is a great river
And thou the sea.
I know not if the time to thee is dreary
When ne'er to meet we pass the wintry days;
I only know my muse is never weary,
The theme thy praise.
I know not if thy poet-heart's emotion
Responsive beats to mine through many a cherd;
I only feel in my untold devotion
A rich reward.
I know not if the grass were waving o'er me
Would Nature's voice to thee keep sadder tune;
I only know wert thou gone home before me
I'd follow soon.
But while thou walk'st the earth with brave heart
ever
I'll singing go while, all unrecked by thee,
My great affection floweth like a river,
And thou the sea."

We see no reason to doubt that there is a large audience ready for a singer in this key, and no reason to object to the songs which they wish for and understand being sung to them.

Zarah: a Romaunt of Modern Life. By Troubadour. (S. Tinsley and Co.) This is a very remarkable Troubadour, not to be classed either with the known and historical variety represented by Peire Vidal and Bertrand de Born, or the highly imaginative one of whom Mr. Haynes Bayly's hero is typical. His *Romaunt* is written in a metre which is in itself a study, and it has a very delightful body of notes, culled from Cornelius Nepos, the Koran, Demetrius Phalereus, and the latest editor of Rollin.

A Reverie, and other Poems. By N. A. Fenton. (Rivingtons.) Mr. Fenton's verse, which is uniformly religious in subject, will not, we fear, escape the verdict of insufficiency which has so often to be pronounced on sacred poetry. The defects of taste which sometimes occur in such work are, indeed, not discoverable here; but the lack of distinction in expression and thought, fatal to verse of almost all kinds, is especially fatal to verse on subjects of the greatest dignity, and at the same time rendered trite by constant unworthy handling. Of such distinction there is no trace in Mr. Fenton's work.

A Mediaeval Scribe, and other Poems. By H. W. (Paisley: Farlane.) The opening poem in this volume is in a manner resembling one of Mr. Longfellow's, and therefore it may be presumed likely to please a good many people. It is a graceful enough account of life and death in the *scriptorium* of the conventional abbey. The same character of grace without much strength or individuality is to be found in most of the poems, especially in "A Moorland Dream," and "A Memory," which is probably the best poem of the book. H. W. is entitled to an honourable place among minor poets, but we should rather doubt his attaining his majority.

Phidias, and other Poems. By E. M. Thompson. (Remington.) Mr. Thompson has fallen into a very common sin among the hauntings of the outskirts of Parnassus—the use of words and phrases whose only claim to be good in poetry is that they are unquestionably bad in prose. We have not the faintest idea what "Italia's sensate mould" means, and the term "couthlessness" is not only without authority, but shows in the user a distinct ignorance of the proper meaning of "couth" and "uncouth." Mr. Thompson's verse is better than his language, but not good enough to save him.

Dusky Rambles. By Elizabeth Warne. (S. Tinsley and Co.) The exceeding oddness of Miss Warne's book may perhaps best be shown by the quotation of a poem *in extenso*. It is called "The Seaweed."

"I culled the other morn
And brought across the lawn
The seaweed dripping wet
Which by my bed hangs yet.

I looked while the sun shone,
And lo! it was all gone;
The moisture had of yore,
My freshness was no more.

As variable am I
As seaweed, and yet why?
It tells the weather comin',
And I the life a runnin'."

This is an excellent sample of *Dusky Rambles*. There is occasionally a freshness and quaintness of thought about them not often found in such work, but the author's disregard of rhyme, grammar, and occasionally reason is rather astounding.

Aemilia: a Drama of the Fourth Century. By J. W. (Wyman.) J. W. has produced in this "slight dramatic sketch," as he modestly terms it, a study of a subject having some faint resemblance to that of *Polyeucte*. The hero is a Christian soldier, his beloved a heathen as yet, and the time is the persecution of Diocletian. As may perhaps be feared, there is a deficiency of dramatic interest in it arising from the lack of any strong presentation of character. The blank verse is correct and sometimes polished, but lacks vigour and variety. Some free translations in lyric metres are decidedly better.

Gretchen. A Play. By W. S. Gilbert. (Newman and Co.) It is impossible not to sympathise with the vexation which Mr. Gilbert, in a preface which has gone the round of the daily papers, expresses at the scanty opportunity afforded him of testing by means of *Gretchen* the appetite of the British public for poetical drama. But it is also impossible to read *Gretchen* without doubting very strongly whether a longer trial of it would have resulted in success. There seems to us to be two faults in it, either of which would probably be fatal, and one at least of which deserves to be so. In the first place, though Mr. Gilbert is perfectly justified in disclaiming any material obligations to Goethe, save in one or two scenes, the fact of the existence of Goethe's play, and, we may add, of Marlowe's, suffices to damn this attempt. The comparison is inevitable, and we are sure

Mr. Gilbert himself would admit that it must needs be unfavourable. But even without this drawback, we fear that *Gretchen* could hardly have removed the reproach of the modern English playwright in matters poetical. It has all the drawbacks of the limp and shapeless style that is so fatal to poetry. The characters are stock characters, not individuals. The sentiments are good sound commonplaces merely. Indeed, the play comes disadvantageously out of the contrast, not merely with the great classics on its subject, but even with such very different work as Mr. Gilbert's own previous and less ambitious attempts.

Ivan's Love Quest, and other Poems. By M. C. Salaman. (Remington.) Mr. Salaman has a considerable science of metre, and some of the command of music which might be expected from his father's son. It is, however, not easy to find in his little volume anything but echoes of his reading. He has not yet found his own way.

Finola. An Opera composed chiefly of Irish Melodies. By C. Dawson. (Dublin: Gill.) It is not very likely that Mr. Dawson has ever read the curious old French play called the *Comédie des Chansons*, but he has followed in the steps of its author. The thread of story is not a very strong one, but it is sufficient, and the various songs are brought in by no means unskillfully.

Croes y Breila. By R. W. Essington. (Bemrose.) "Croes y Breila" is, it seems, the Welsh for "Rosy Cross," and for the reason of the title we may refer readers to Mr. Essington's preface. His book is not entirely composed of poetry, but the verse so far exceeds the prose in bulk that we may justly notice it here. Its contents are entirely miscellaneous in character, and would seem to be the record, more or less unstudied, of passing thoughts and impressions given by life and books. Some of the epigrams do no discredit to the author's Eton and Cambridge antecedents; of the longer poems, "Hope Deferred" has originality of idea and music of expression. In the prose jottings which intersperse these poems Mr. Essington is not careful of other people's corns, and some of his expressions, especially those referring to the late Mr. Hawker, might perhaps have been omitted without disadvantage. Opinion is, of course, as free to deal with the Vicar of Morwenstow as with anybody else, but his idiosyncrasy and his talents were both too remarkable to be disposed of in a passing "fling."

La Chute du Christ. Poème Traduit de l'Anglais. (Paris: Charavay.) This work professes to be the French translation of an English work which the author was afraid to publish in his native tongue and country. This seems to be a survival of the frenzy of John Dennis, for we are quite sure that Englishmen would have done nothing to the author of this "Fall of Christ" beyond judiciously abstaining from reading his book. Those who do read it will probably be disposed to doubt the statement of its English origin. Its language is strongly suggestive of the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, and also of part of *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine*. But the combination of "Milton and Spenser" which is announced in the preface will probably escape the recognition of the keenest student of English literature.

Goethe's Faust. Translated by W. D. Scoones. (Tribner.) This verse translation of the most famous book of the last hundred years, produced in very unambitious guise, is by no means an unsuccessful attempt. Many and distinguished as are Mr. Scoones' predecessors, we think that if a person totally ignorant of German applied to us to recommend him a translation of *Faust* that would really give him some idea of the original we should recommend this book in

preference to all others. Mr. Scoones' special merits are that he is close without being prudishly literal, and readable without being licentiously free. Even in the lyrics, the greatest *crux* of all, he has succeeded more than fairly, and his translation is altogether a very creditable piece of work.

Legends of the Saxon Saints. By Aubrey de Vere. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) These legends are strictly tales in verse, and do not aspire to be anything more. That is to say, the story is the first object of the writer, and verse is apparently resorted to merely, as the preface seems to imply, to give them a greater chance of being read. We should say that the public taste has been by this time educated to a point beyond this, but probably Mr. Aubrey de Vere knows his audience. His work, at any rate, is the smooth and easy work of a practised versifier, and there is no fault to be found with it. For ourselves, we are bound to say that this rather negative praise is all we can give. The legends told are, however, often pathetic and generally interesting. Perhaps the best and most poetically told is that of Saint Frideswide.

Poems. By Marion. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) We cannot better describe this book, which is dedicated to the Mayor of Margate, than by saying that if Thomas Moore had met Eliza Cook a-Maying, as Zephyr met Aurora in a famous passage, the genesis of "Marion" would be easily explicable. Her work is considerable in bulk (we should think there must be nine or ten thousand lines in the volume), and consists entirely of short poems, so that the number of separate pieces is very large. Their quality we cannot indicate better than by the above perfectly imaginative supposition; that is to say, they are rather favourable specimens of "Poets' Corner" poetry. The principal blemishes are the use of italics and occasional Scotticisms. Thus, for instance,

"Will I tell you a tale?" the maiden said,"

is an enquiry which would probably provoke from the haughty Southron a decided negative.

The Vision of Justice, &c. By Hyde Parker. (Ward, Lock and Co.) Mr. Parker will be best reviewed by quotation. He is dealing with the City of Glasgow Bank:—

"Deep buried in the gulf of endless shame,
For ever damned, lies loathsome Potter's name,
Who kept the Sabbath strictly *sans reproche*,
But on the Monday robbed another's *poche*."

A Child of the People, and other Poems. By J. C. Woods. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mr. Woods modestly enough speaks of his work in a prefatory sonnet to the great poets as

"Soon-dying numbers maybe learnt from you."

He is so far right that there are not a few echoes in his book—more, perhaps, than there should be. Nevertheless, he has studied his models to some purpose, and even where he is not exactly original he has blended his studies so adroitly that the note of direct imitation is not too obvious. "A Spray of Songs" is decidedly good, and many of his sonnets will take high rank among the attempts of the kind which England for the second time in her poetical history is now producing in vast numbers. "The Soul Stithy," which we take almost at random, is a good sample of Mr. Woods:—

"My soul, asleep between its body throes,
Was watching curiously a furnace glare,
And breastless arms that wrought laborious there,
Power without plan, wherefrom no purpose grows,
Welding white metal on a forge with blows,
Whence streamed the singing sparks like flaming hair,
Which whirling gusts ever abroad would bear,
And still the stithy hammers fell and rose.

And then I knew those sparks were souls of men,
And watched them driven like starlets down
the wind.

A myriad died and left no trace to tell,
An hour like will-o'-the-wisps some lit the fen,
Now one would leave a trail of fire behind,
And still the stithy hammers rose and fell."

Lily Neil. By David Wingate. (W. Blackwood and Sons.) Mr. Wingate is certainly one of those persons of whom the Laureate once remarked that most could raise his flowers. The following passage would, as a mere piece of imitation, deserve a prize; whether it deserves a prize from any other point of view we shall not attempt to determine:—

"So through the village passed they, drawing eyes
To blindless windows and to open doors;
But though she by the ringing of her ears
Was well assured that malice-poisoned shafts
Were aimed at her, she heeded them no more
Than does the heron sailing riverward
The little feeble needle-headed dart
Which towards him from the schoolboy's bow is
sped

As if death-charged, but, tiring, earthwards turns
A thousand yards beneath him."

The poem is idyllic of the *Dora* variety.

Irish Lyrics. By T. G. S. Corry, M.D. (Belfast: D. and J. Allen.) Dr. Corry's work is extremely unequal. His best songs, usually written in the undulating anapaests which Moore loved, are far from bad specimens of their kind. Elsewhere the odd insensibility to the ludicrous which so often shows itself side by side with plenty of wit in Irishmen appears. One couplet on the Northern Athens (the *Irish* Northern Athens, be it remembered—Belfast, that is to say, not Edinburgh) is nearly as good, though quite unintentionally so, as anything of Thackeray's:—

"In science her colleges take a proud stand,
Diffusing intelligence over the land."

Surely Dr. Corry must have borrowed this from an unpublished supplement to *Lyra Hibernica*?

The World under Glass. By Frederick Griffin. (Trübner.) This is one of those books which, if a novelist were to introduce, he would be charged with extravagant *invraisemblance*. Mr. Frederick Griffin has taken the trouble to write a volume of some two hundred pages containing perhaps five or six thousand lines, and giving a versified description of the Crystal Palace. The last half of the book consists of a metrical history of England—whether introduced *à propos* of the Screen of Sovereigns at the southern end of the Sydenham building or no we are not quite clear. The execution of the book is very much what might be expected from its conception. As a curiosity there are few things under the roof of "the Palace" which exceed it.

Osman and Eminah. By Ella Sharpe Young. (Printed by Spottiswoode and Co.) This little verse-tale appears to have been inspired by a diligent perusal of Byron and Moore. Very few people read Byron and Moore nowadays, so that Miss Young is to be congratulated on her study of those classics. Her versification is decidedly good, and some of her lyric work has lightness and music. Two short comic poems at the end of the book might perhaps have been omitted with advantage.

Life Thoughts, and other Poems. By W. M. Bromby. A very tiny volume of colonial verse from a colony—Tasmania—which has not hitherto contributed much to literature. Mr. Bromby's five-and-thirty pages do not display much original power, and his versification is rather artless. But there are no absurdities of the usual minor-poet kind to chronicle therein.

G. SAINTSBURY.

NOTES AND NEWS.

COMMANDER V. L. CAMERON, R.N., C.B., is making rapid progress with his work on his recent travels in Asiatic Turkey, and the first volume is already finished.

Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery is the title of a biography to be published early in September by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. The volume forms one of the "New Plutarch" series of lives of men and women of action, and the writer is Mr. Charles G. Leland.

MR. PHIL ROBINSON, special correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* in Afghanistan and Zululand, has in the press a new work entitled, *Against Afghan and Zulu: a Narrative of the Two Campaigns*. It will be published immediately by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

THE Council of the Harleian Society having abandoned the intention of including in its *Transactions* the registers of the parish of St. Columb Major in Cornwall, Mr. Arthur J. Jewers has determined on printing the parish registers by subscription. The registers begin in 1539, and will be printed down to 1780: they contain many entries relating to the families of Arundell, Vyvyan, Carew, and Courtenay, and to them are appended the "woollen certificates" from 1680 to 1764. The volume will consist of 500 pages, and will be illustrated with shields of arms from many monuments in the church. The price of issue is fixed at one guinea, and subscribers' names should be sent to the editor at Chester-place, Mutley, Plymouth, or to Messrs. Brendon and Son at Plymouth.

THE first number of *Local Gleanings*, chiefly relating to Lancashire and Cheshire, contains a biographical notice of Dr. John Dee, the Warden of Manchester, by Mr. J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., and is to be followed by a reprint of the portion of Dee's diary relating to Manchester, as some very odd mistakes have been found in the edition published by the Camden Society in 1842. The article is illustrated by an excellent portrait. Another paper records an instance of a private grant of arms to John del Bothe, in 1408, from Thomas de Barton.

THE twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Boston Public Library has been issued, and contains a good deal of interesting matter. The total number of volumes in the various departments is 360,963. The exclusion from circulation of the books of two of the branches has resulted in a diminished aggregate of books lent, the total of 1877-78 having been 1,183,991, and of 1878-79, 1,180,565. The character of the books is considered to be of a higher class. An effort is being made to devise some plan of co-operation between the library and the public schools. The want of greater accommodation for the reference department is strongly urged, and a new building is recommended. It is suggested that an official should be appointed to help persons in their search for books. "It seems almost a hopeless task to the uninitiated to find the particular title and number he wants when referred to an array of one million cards." Library lectures are also recommended. The new librarian, the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, is making a systematic examination of the collection in order to ascertain its deficiencies, with a view to their supply. He concludes thus:—

"It will be observed that I estimate highly the value of personal influence as a means of giving vitality to a library, but I hope the estimate is not extravagant. The Public Library has not as yet become the centre of any considerable number of literary people resorting to it for the interchange of opinions. I think it may be made to be such a centre, and its power indefinitely enlarged, its prestige increased, and its influence widely felt in the republic of letters."

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN AND CO. will publish next month, in two volumes, *The Life of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone*, by Mr. George Barnett Smith. The work will be illustrated by two steel portraits, one being engraved from a portrait painted by Joseph Severn in 1840, and the other from a fine photograph taken during the present year.

THE Jesuit missionaries at Nanking have lately published the first two volumes of a series of works on Chinese language and literature. One of these deals with the colloquial language, and the other with the "Thousand Character Classic," "Thousand Character Discourse," "Great Learning," "Doctrine of the Mean," "Confucian Analects," and "Mencius." The succeeding volume will probably be devoted to the Historical Classics. The translations, notes, &c., are in Latin. In the second volume there are a series of dissertations on musical instruments, weapons, vehicles, ordinary and ceremonial dress, &c., some of which are illustrated by woodcuts. The author of the work is Père Angelo Zottoli, who has the reputation of being an excellent Sinologist, and has devoted many years to this undertaking.

MESSRS. W. B. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., of 91 Gracechurch-street, will issue immediately a volume of biographical and other essays by Mr. P. R. Drummond, of Perth, entitled *Perthshire in Bygone Days*. Among other celebrities noticed in the volume with whom the author was personally acquainted are General Lord Lynedoch, Sir David Baird, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, George Gilfillan, Robert Nicoll the poet, &c. A portion of the work will be devoted to the song and ballad literature of the county, and will contain some hitherto inedited pieces.

The Afghan Knife is the title of a new novel just ready, from the pen of Mr. R. A. Sterndale, author of *Seones*; or, *Camp Life in the Satpura Range*. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are the publishers.

MR. H. SWEET's edition of King Alfred's Old-English version (or rather paraphrase) for the Early-English Text Society of Orosius's *History of the World*, to which we have already alluded, has made some progress through the press. Those portions of the Latin original which Alfred rendered are printed opposite the Old English, paraphrased or omitted words being printed in italics. A translation into Modern English will also be given, together with the various readings of the Cotton MS. It is well known that Bosworth based his text on this latter MS., although he himself proved that it is a direct copy of the Lauderdale MS., contemporary with Alfred himself! Mr. Sweet's text gives the text of L, for whose loan he is indebted to the kindness of its owner, Lord Tollemache of Helmingham. It turns out that Bosworth was entirely wrong in supposing C to be a direct copy of L; C, although much later, gives a perfectly independent text.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS has nearly ready for the press a volume entitled *Historic Romance*. It will consist of strange stories, scenes, mysteries, and characters in our local and national history.

WE learn from the Report of the Council of the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society that Mr. Jeaffreson's *Index and Key to the Town Records* is nearly ready to be issued. A limited number only will be for sale to the public.

CANON FARRAR's new work, *The Life and Work of St. Paul*, is now in a forward state of preparation, and will be published at the end of the month by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

THE volume of Translations from the *Peking Gazette* for 1878, reprinted from the *North China*

Herald, is now ready, and is accompanied by a full and carefully compiled index. The contents of the volume are divided into six principal parts:—Court Affairs; Judicial and Revenue Administration; Civil and Military Administration; Instruction, Worship, and Usages; External Relations; and the Provinces.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON have just published, in four handy volumes, a complete and cheaper edition of E. de Pressensé's *Early Years of Christianity*, translated by Mrs. Harwood-Holmden. We have already borne favourable testimony to the merits of both the author and the translator of this attractive work (see the *ACADEMY* for November 16, 1878).

THE Spelling Reform Association will shortly issue a prospectus succinctly stating the defects of the existing system of orthography, and indicating the methods by which it is believed the evil may be overcome. Added to the prospectus are a number of weighty facts and opinions in favour of the undertaking. The Association has established its head-quarters at 20 John-street, Adelphi.

IN Mr. Fairfield's letter on "The Wanderings of Io" in our last number, the reference to Dr. Schiefner's *Studien* should have read "Mémoires, &c., tomes v., x., xvii., xx." For "Sagitarii" read "Satagarii."

THE tenth volume of A. von Arneth's *History of Maria Theresa* will shortly be issued at Vienna, thus completing this important work.

A POSTHUMOUS work of Carl Gutzkow's, *Die Baumgärtner von Hohenschwangau*, will be published this autumn.

BODENSTEDT'S *Songs of Mirza Schaffy* and Schaffel's *Elkehard* are being translated into Danish.

HARRASSOWITZ, of Leipzig, promises an exact photolithographic reproduction of the original MS. of Thomas à Kempis' *Imitatio Christi* recently discovered in the Royal Library of Brussels.

A WRITER in the *Otlogosok* endeavours to show that the greater number of the most distinguished Russian authors have not been Russians, but descendants of immigrant foreigners. Thus, at the end of the seventeenth century, the most prominent representative of the Russian literary movement was Simeon Polotsky, a Pole. After him came Prince Antiochus Kantemir, of Tartar descent. It is true that the genial Lomonosof, who flourished during the first half of last century, was untainted with any admixture of foreign blood. But since his time the most honourable places on the Russian Parnassus have been occupied by persons of foreign extraction. Among the founders of modern Russian literature, Karamzin (Kara-Murza) was of Tartar, Ozerof of German, lineage. The poet Griboyedof sprang more remotely from a Polish ancestor. Count Khvostof's ancestry culminated in a German margrave. Zbukovski was on his mother's side a Turk, and Bunin (Bunikevski) the scion of a Polish family. Neledinski, Meletski, and Baratinski were also of Polish descent. The poet Lermontof's father was a Scotchman, his mother a Tartar lady. A Polish gentleman, Yanovski, assumed the Little-Russian family name of Gogol, which one of his descendants has made so familiar to Russians. And, lastly, Pushkin's paternal ancestor was a German named Radschi, who migrated to Russia in the middle of the thirteenth century, while his mother was descended from an African negro.

THE absence of any complete printed catalogue of the valuable collections of MSS. in the public libraries of Florence has been the source of frequent lament to students of all countries. Accordingly, it is welcome news to learn that Prof. Adolfo Bartoli, of the Istituto Superiore, is

at the head of a scheme for the publication of a complete illustrated catalogue and index of all the Italian MSS. in the three sections of the Florence National Library: the Magliabecchiana, the Palatina, and the Riccardiana. These MSS. are over 17,000 in number, and Prof. Bartoli and his colleagues propose to divide the catalogue into two series—Poetry and Prose—and to issue it in monthly numbers of sixty-four octavo pages. The publication of series i., Poetry, will be commenced as soon as one hundred subscribers have been found. The price to subscribers will be forty-eight Italian lire per year, to non-subscribers double that sum. Full palaeographic indications will be given of every MS., with the addition of critical notes by Signor Milanese and Prof. Malfatti on all the illuminated and illustrated MSS., and with photographs or outlines of the more noteworthy specimens. Facsimiles of the oldest codices will be given, and the title, opening and concluding lines, and the name of author (whenever possible) of all poems of every kind. At the conclusion of each series three general indexes will be issued of the authors, of the titles of the works, and of the opening lines.

THE veteran patriot, Senator Arrivabene, has just published a volume of memoirs—*Memorie di mia Vita* (Florence: Barbèra)—covering a period of more than sixty years, from 1795 to 1859. It is full of interesting notices of men and things, especially of the stormy period preceding the dawn of Italian independence.

ABOUT four years ago, at the order of the Catholic Administrationsrath, the manuscript-catalogue of the Stiftsbibliothek of St. Gallen appeared in print. This action on the part of the custodians of the great store of treasures has been justified by the event, for since the publication of the catalogue, enquiries after the MSS. of St. Gallen have become more frequent than ever. The same authorities have now determined to issue a printed catalogue of their famous "Incunabula." The Stiftsbibliothek possesses about 1,650 volumes in this section, mostly folios, in Latin and German, together with a few in French, Italian, and Dutch. Many are of high interest, not only on account of their rarity, but for their valuable woodcuts, maps, and plans. The preparation of the catalogue has been confided to Prof. Gustav Scherer, who has been for many years a regular student in the famous library.

CARDINAL HERGENRÖTHER has been commissioned by the Pope to submit to him a new plan for arranging the Vatican archives in order to make them more accessible to scholars. At the same time the cardinal has been authorised to publish interesting codices.

PROF. GNEIST has presented the Berlin Public Library Fund with the proceeds of his recent scientific lectures.

A PUBLISHING firm has been established at Cetinje, in Montenegro.

HERR FÖRSTER, of Munich, has confided his valuable collection of Jean Paul's posthumous works and MSS. to the Germanic Museum.

J. SANCHEZ DE NEIRA has commenced an exhaustive work on bull-fights, which is to appear in numbers. Its title is *El Tere: Gran Diccionario tauromáquico*.

LESSING'S *Nathan the Wise* has been metrically translated into modern Greek by Angelos Vlachos.

THE New York *Nation* announces that Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will shortly issue a rejoinder to Mr. Mallock's *Is Life Worth Living?* "from the pen of a well-known writer."

THE *Revue Slave*, which appears in Warsaw under the editorship of M. Interlingk, will commence a new series in October. It is proposed to alter its form, and extend the literary department so as to embrace, not only a review of

Russian and Polish literature, but also notices of the literary productions of other branches of the Slavonic family.

AMONG the more important works on which the members of the Russian Academy are at present engaged, the following are announced:—A Russian Ornithology is being prepared by A. A. Strauch, and a complete course of Astronomy by A. N. Savin. G. I. Wild is occupied with a work on the Temperature of Russia, and N. I. Koshkarof with a new volume of his *Materials for a Mineralogy of Russia*. K. I. Maximovich will publish a Flora of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Japan, and L. A. Shrenk an account of his Amoor Journey. Lastly, Prof. Grot has in hand a Biography of Derzhavin, Prof. Boethlingk a Sanskrit Chrestomathy, and M. I. Sukhomlinof the concluding portion of his *History of the Russian Academy*.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* appears in a double number for July and September. Dr. Kusters discusses the question, so strange to all but Biblical archaeologists, how the cherubim, originally mythic figures, came to be regarded as angels. He denies that they were identical with the storm-clouds, but holds that they were originally the guardians of the Holy Place and the chariots of the Deity. The belief, which, according to Dr. Kusters, arose comparatively late, in the supremacy or even sole divinity of Jehovah led to a change in the way of describing the cherubim. Formerly they had been viewed as the occasional chariots of all the gods, including Jehovah; now they could have but one Lord, whose permanent throne-bearers (heaven being Jehovah's throne) they were; compare the well-known title, "who dwelleth upon [not 'between'] the cherubim." Dr. Rovers discusses the picture of the Roman Church during the lifetime of the apostles presented by Straatman in his able but revolutionary work, *De Gemeente van Rome*, &c. (1878). Dr. Hugenholtz, one of the Matthew Arnolds of Holland so far as theology is concerned, treats of Eduard von Hartmann's new, and to him highly uncongenial, work, *Phänomenologie des sittlichen Bewusstseins*. Drs. Kuenen and Tiele finish with a joint article on Pfeleiderer's *Religionsphilosophie*. Dr. Tiele enters more into detail, and is, as ever, full of instruction.

THE *Cape Monthly Magazine* for July contains several notes and articles of interest, including a characteristic "Zulu Romance" by the late David Leslie, to whom we are indebted for so much of our knowledge of Zululand. We are sorry to see it stated that artistic taste is at a very low ebb in the colony. The Government has just proposed a grant of £100 in support of the Fine Arts Association, and it is to be hoped that this small recognition of the value of art even in South Africa may be but the earnest of better things.

THE current number of the *North American Review* contains the first part of an essay entitled, "The Work and Mission of my Life," by Richard Wagner. The poet-composer states that, his art theories being fully unfolded in the works published some time since in a collected form, it was his intention to abstain from further literary effort, except in the pages of the *Bayreuther-Blätter*. But he proceeds to express his conviction that in America the art for which he has so long striven will eventually attain its fullest realisation, and that he cannot, therefore, resist an appeal from the further side of the Atlantic for some explanation of his opinions and methods. A sketch of the art history of Germany within the past half-century follows, together with a relation of the gradual development of his own system so far as it had proceeded at the time of his Parisian experiences.

IN MEMORY OF TWO FRIENDS OF JOHN KEATS :
1879.

SEVERN and WELLS ! Names ne'er to be forgot,
While his,—Theocritus of our isle, and more,—
Is great among our great ones,—we deplore
Not that, in one sad sunless year, the lot

Of Atropos calls ye to the better spot
Where Virtue triumphs, and the strife is o'er ;
But that, with you, the living link that bore
Our souls across the years to him, is not.

If neither, on earth's hamper'd, dubious stage,
Fill'd to the full the promise of your prime,
Yet on each forehead fell the happy ray
Of genius : and we watch'd your honour'd age
As of those blest ones who, in earlier time,
Walk'd with Immortals on life's common way.

August 1879. F. T. P.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE International African Association have just issued a sketch map of the route followed by M. Cambier, the commander of what is now termed their first expedition, from Bagamoyo, on the East Coast, to the Unyamwezi region. The names of villages, &c., along the line of march are fully given, and there is some attempt to indicate the physical features of the country traversed. By this map M. Cambier appears to have lately made some little progress westward towards Lake Tanganyika from Tabora, in Unyamwezi, where he remained so long. The farthest point now reached by him is in the district of Uyowa, which is probably the Uhha of Mr. H. M. Stanley.

MR. OSCAR DICKSON has received a letter from Prof. Nordenskjöld, dated November 25, 67° 6' N. lat., 173° 15' E. long, near Behring Strait. The letter furnishes valuable information with regard to the prehistoric fauna of Northern Asia and the mode of living among the Chukotian tribes. A further letter, dated February 20, is stated to have reached Sweden from Prof. Nordenskjöld, who was in hopes that he would get free from the ice in June, and pass through the Strait on his way to Japan. This hope, however, would appear not to have been realised, or his movements would, doubtless, have been heard of from some of the more northerly Russian telegraph stations.

HAVING apparently failed to interest the Council of the Royal Geographical Society in his project for reaching the North Pole by the aid of balloons, Commander J. P. Cheyne, R.N., who has been lecturing on his favourite topic in various places, has succeeded in forming a Central New Arctic Expedition Committee, of which Mr. J. H. Puleston, M.P., is treasurer, and Mr. W. S. Vaux and Dr. Alger are secretaries. The Earl of Derby, who has promised to aid Commander Cheyne with a substantial donation, is expected to become president of the committee.

MR. GEORGE PEACOCK, who was a master in the Navy from 1828 to 1840, and who paid much attention to the subject when on the West India station, has issued (Exeter: Pollard) a volume entitled *Notes on the Isthmus of Panama and Darien*, which also includes remarks on the River San Juan, Lakes of Nicaragua, &c., and is accompanied by original maps and plans. Mr. Peacock claims to have been one of the earliest explorers and surveyors of the isthmus, having crossed it five times in 1841-42. The most practicable route for an inter-oceanic ship-canal then appeared to him, as it has done to the late Congress at Paris, to be from Port Limon to the estuary of the Rio Grande, and he is of opinion that by a little management the deepest cutting required would probably not exceed 150 or 200 feet at the highest points of the watersheds. The coincidence of his ideas with the accepted

plan of Lieut. L. N. B. Wyse is curious, and may, perhaps, be taken as a hopeful omen.

DR. ROHLFS will after all remain at the head of the German African Expedition. He resigned at a time when the chance of being able to penetrate to Wadai appeared to be a very remote one ; but when, through the intercession of the Turkish governor and the sacrifice of a considerable sum of money, all obstacles had been removed, and an immediate start became possible, he reconsidered his decision. On the 4th of July the expedition left Benghazi, and is expected to reach Abeshr, the capital of Wadai, about the middle of September.

At the last ordinary meeting of the French Geographical Society, the Abbé Durand delivered an address on the New Hebrides Archipelago, which, though situated at no great distance from New Caledonia, appears to have never been visited by French travellers.

THE Rev. Dr. Mullens, of the London Missionary Society, left Zanzibar on the Central African Expedition, before described in our columns, on June 13, and when last heard from was making good progress on the road to Lake Tanganyika.

As evidence of the reality of the civilisation now being introduced into the East African Lake District by our missionary societies, it is interesting to learn that the Free Church of Scotland have received letters from the Livingstonia Mission on Lake Nyassa in less than two months from the day on which they were written.

BYKOPF, who last autumn explored the Oxus from its source to Hodja Solar, is about to publish the geographical, ethnographical, and hydrographical results of his journey. He affirms that the Turcomans show a total indifference towards the Mohammedan religion, but are distinguished by a sincere liking for the Russians. He further shows that this great river is perfectly adapted for navigation.

THE Church Missionary Society have received intelligence that Mr. Stokes and his companion reached Kagei in safety on February 14, having been thirty-five days from Uyui. The journey was accomplished without loss or accident, although the Algerian Missionary Expedition which preceded them by four or five weeks was, as we know from their own account, exceedingly unfortunate in this part of the road to Lake Victoria.

WE hear that Count Szechenyi, whose journey to Central Asia has been alluded to before (vol. xv., p. 144), has been unsuccessful in his attempt to reach Lob-Nor from North-Western China through obstructions placed in his way by the Chinese officials. He will, however, persevere in his attempt to penetrate into Thibet from some more southerly point.

MR. JAMES CAMERON, of the China Inland Mission, who has made some remarkable journeys in Southern China, is about to travel overland to Canton from Pakhoi, and he then proposes to journey northward into Kiangsi and other provinces.

ARISTOTELIS VALAORITIS.

ON the 4th inst. the greatest of the poets of Modern Greece, Aristotelis Valaoritis, breathed his last in his island home of Santa-Maura, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. Throughout the south-east of Europe, and wherever Greek colonies exist, the name of Valaoritis is a household word. The title of *national* bestowed on him by his countrymen was fully deserved, as most of his works deal with national subjects. The Valaoritis are descended from Christo Valaora, an old Armatolos of Western Greece, and were settled in the Island of Leucas, or

Santa-Maura, in the earliest part of last century. During the British protectorate of the Ionian Islands and the Greek War of Independence the family of Valaoritis played a prominent part.

Aristotelis was a member of the Ionian Parliament during the last three High Commissionerships of Sir Henry Ward, Sir John Young (Lord Lisgar), and Sir Henry Storkes, and since the annexation of the islands to Greece he has been a member of the Greek National Assembly.

His principal poetical works are:—*Μνημόσυνα* : or, Records of the Deeds of the old Armatoloi and Klephts; *Κυρὰ Φροσύνη*, the Loves of Mouchtar Pacha (son of Ali) of Janina, and Euphrosyne; *Ἀθανάσιος Διάκος*, the Leonidas of Modern Greece; and his Ode on the Greek patriarch Gregorius.

Although Valaoritis in his prose works and speeches uses the refined language of Modern Greece, which anyone conversant with Xenophon may easily understand, yet his poetical compositions are written in a peculiar dialect which few scholars except his own countrymen can interpret without the aid of a glossary.

Valaoritis is considered by the Greeks second to Solomos, and, judging from his works, there is no living Greek poet that can fill his place. His loss, therefore, is a dire calamity to Modern-Greek literature. J. DIONYSIUS LOVERDO.

CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES, EDINBURGH : 1863-79.

THE renewal of the proposal to print the Catalogue of the British Museum Library gives additional interest to the Catalogue of the Library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh—the latest catalogue of a great library which has forced its way into type.

This catalogue deserves attention as containing the fullest record of books relating to Scotland which exists, and the most complete list of English literature since the Union in the time of Anne which has yet been printed. The Advocates' Library then obtained the privilege of claiming all works entered at Stationers' Hall. Although the privilege was at times not taken full advantage of, and the London publishers, though not the authors or publishers in other parts of Great Britain, have always put obstacles in the way of its exercise, the collection of such works is tolerably complete.

This catalogue, which comes down to 1871, contains about 200,000 entries, while that of the Museum would contain about 3,000,000 entries allowing for the insertion of the names of editors and translators, which is certainly desirable. It has been thoroughly well printed, and very carefully edited by Mr. Halket, the late Mr. Clark, the present Keeper of the Library, and Mr. Jon Hjaltalin, assistant librarian, who has had the more immediate charge of it. The total cost has been about £8,000. At the same rate the Museum Catalogue would cost £90,000, but estimates have been made that it could be done for £60,000 ; but assuming the larger figure, which may be deemed as safe as any estimate can be, the difference is not beyond the difference between the means at the disposal of the nation and those of a private and not rich corporation. It is creditable to the Scotch advocates to have carried through at their own expense a work of undoubted public utility ; and the fact that they have done so will be no doubt taken into account should the abortive proposal of the Copyright Commission to deprive the Library of the Stationers' Hall privilege be at any time revived.

Although the property of the Faculty of Advocates, the library has always of recent years been administered as a national trust. The public are admitted to read in it on terms as

liberal as those of the British Museum, and men of letters resident in or resorting to Edinburgh find no difficulty in obtaining leave to borrow books for special purposes—a privilege which the Museum is unable to afford, but whose value all persons acquainted with the rules of the German public libraries know the value of. It is quite in keeping with the centralising policy which has during the last and present century been dominant in Great Britain, but is now beginning to show signs of breaking down, that, in spite of repeated remonstrances, no aid has ever been granted from the national exchequer to maintain and extend the benefits to the public of this noble collection of books. It is now growing to proportions which make it beyond the strength of such a body as the Faculty of Advocates adequately to maintain it. It is housed in rooms several of which are more like dungeons than libraries. Its staff is over-taxed, and the public, while freely admitted, are very inconveniently accommodated. The time has passed when it can be supposed that nothing national, or worthy of national support, can exist outside of London. The claims in this respect of the great centres of population in other parts of the United Kingdom, as regards science and art, have for some years past been frequently conceded. Those of letters, which is not their rival but their ally, should no longer be neglected.

Æ. J. G. MACKAY.

THE ORIGIN OF EARLY ART IN ASIA MINOR.

Athenaeum Club: Aug. 4, 1879.

On the eve of leaving England for a tour in Asia Minor, I write a few lines about a discovery I have lately made which has an important bearing on the history of ancient art and culture. Prof. Ernst Curtius has pointed out that one of the paths by which the art and civilisation of Babylonia and Assyria made its way to Greece was along the great high-road which runs across Asia Minor, and I have elsewhere enforced his views by fresh arguments. As I have tried to show, the Hittites were the medium of communication, their capital of Carchemish, now marked by the ruins of Jerablûs, being the spot where the art of Assyria took the form which specially characterises the early monuments of Asia Minor. The sculpture accompanied by inscriptions in Hittite (or Hamathite) characters which Mr. Davis discovered at Ibreez in Lycaonia (*Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, iv., 2) proves that the Hittites had penetrated through the eastern barrier of Asia Minor formed by the Taurus range; and the two or three characters that still remain in the rock-cut inscription engraved in his *Life in Asiatic Turkey* (p. 222), and found near Bulgar Maden, make it clear that Hittite power had once extended at least as far as the central plateau of Asia Minor. But the link was still wanting which would connect these evidences of Hittite domination with the shores of the Aegean.

This link is supplied by the monument published by Texier (*Asie Mineure*, ii., pl. 132), and discovered at Ninfi (Nymphæum), on the ancient road from Smyrna to Sardes. The monument consists of a figure cut out of the rock and armed with bow and spear. The style of art, the general costume, and, above all, the head-dress and shoes with turned-up tips are identical with those of the Hittite monument of Ibreez and of a monument lately discovered at Carchemish. Nay, more, the figure is accompanied by some hieroglyphics which are not Egyptian but Hittite, and contain a group which I have conjectured to represent royalty on two other inscriptions in which they occur—that on a broken statue copied by Mr. George Smith at Carchemish, and that on a flight of

steps lately found at the same place and accompanied by a figure closely resembling the one at Ninfi.

Now this monument of Ninfi is the one mentioned by Herodotus in bk. ii., ch. 106, where he says:—

"In Ionia, also, there are two representations of this (Sesostris) sculptured on rocks, one on the road from Ephesus to Phokaea, and the other on that from Sardes to Smyrna; and in each case a man is engraved, four cubits and a span high, holding a spear in the right hand and a bow in the left, the rest of his costume being similarly partly Egyptian and partly Ethiopic. And from the one shoulder to the other run sacred Egyptian characters engraved, of the following purport: I won this land with my own shoulders. But who he is and whence he came is not stated there."

It has long been recognised that Herodotus was wrong in assigning the sculpture to an Egyptian origin, since neither costume nor inscription is Egyptian; indeed, the expression used by Herodotus with regard to the characters of the inscription seems to me to imply that he considered them not to be true Egyptian hieroglyphics but characters resembling them. M. Texier saw no hieroglyphics on the breast of the figure, so that either Herodotus must have been mistaken or the characters have been obliterated since his time. This is a point, however, which I hope to be able to re-examine. The Hittites must have marched along the road afterwards traversed by Xenophon and the Ten Thousand. Their presence in Lydia will explain the legend, hitherto so puzzling, which derived the dynasty of the Mermnadae, or Heraklids, from Ninus, the son of Belus. The Assyrian inscriptions have shown that Asia Minor, westward of Cilicia or the Halys, was utterly unknown to the Assyrians until the time of Assur-bani-pal, who received an embassy from Gyges or Gog, King of Lydia, a "remote" country of which Assur-bani-pal's predecessors had never even heard the name. The theory of an early Assyrian conquest of Lydia is consequently untenable. The legend, however, is sufficiently explained by the arrival of a culture which had come to the Hittites from Assyria, and ultimately Babylonia, and, according to Ammianus Marcellinus (xiv., 8), Hierapolis on the Euphrates—that is, as we now know, Carchemish—was "the ancient Ninus" (see, too, Philostratus, *Vita Apoll. Tyan.*, i., 19, and Diodorus, ii., 3, 7). If we may trust the chronology of Herodotus, the event would have taken place 505 years before the accession of Gyges, that is, about 1200 B.C. It is worth notice that, according to Tiglath-Pileser I., the Moschi had been sufficiently strong fifty years previously to wrest the countries of Alzu and Purukhumzu on the Upper Euphrates from the Assyrians, the Hittites at the same time overrunning Subarti or Syria; and since Tiglath-Pileser's date is 1130 B.C., we should again have about 1200 B.C. as the era of Hittite power and conquest. The myth of Herakles and Omphalê, which is closely connected with the origin of the Heraklid dynasty, points unmistakably to an Assyrian source, Omphalê being the Assyrian Istar (Aphroditê), who, under the Accadian name of Gingir, appears as Gingras and Kinyras in the legends of Cilicia and Cyprus. But as Carchemish seems to have been one of the principal seats of the worship of Istar in Western Asia, whence its later name of Hierapolis, the modern Jerablûs, the myth may well have made its way to Lydia through the hands of the Hittites.

The extension of Hittite power and culture to the shores of the Aegean throws a welcome light on the question of the origin of the Cypriote syllabary. We know from the inscriptions found at Hissarlik by Dr. Schliemann, as well as from the Cypriote characters preserved in the alphabets of Lycia, Karia, and Pamphylia, that this

syllabary was once in use throughout the western and southern coastland of Asia Minor until superseded by the simpler Phoenico-Greek alphabet, and I am therefore inclined to recur to my old suggestion that it must be traced back to the Hittite hieroglyphics. I was for a time convinced by Dr. Deecke's able and ingenious attempt to refer it to the cuneiform characters of Nineveh, but the chronological and geographical difficulties which this theory involves have since forced me to give it up. If any confidence can be placed in M. Texier's copy of the hieroglyphics accompanying the figure at Ninfi, two of them are identical with two Cypriote characters in the forms which they assume at Hissarlik.

A. H. SAYCE.

PS.—Since the above was written, I have carefully re-examined Texier's great work, with the following important results:—(1) The famous rock-sculptures of Pterium, figured in vol. ii., plates 75-78, are of Hittite origin, and prove that Hittite power extended to the district occupied by the Moschi and Tibareni; (2) The Hittite hieroglyphics accompanying the sculptures of Pterium explain a character which I had supposed to be the determinative of "city," but which the sculptures show to be the determinative of "deity"; (3) The remarkable coloured figure found at Konieh or Iconium, and engraved in vol. ii., plate 103, is an example of Hellenised Hittite art, and the fragments of an inscription in Cypriote characters which exist beneath it go far towards verifying my derivation of the Cypriote syllabary from the Hittite hieroglyphics. The monuments discovered by Hamilton at Eyuk, near Pterium, are also Hittite. I have just noticed that so far back as 1877 Dr. Hyde Clarke suggested the Hittite origin of the characters on the monument of Ninfi.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- AVREAC-LAVIGNE, Ch. *L'Histoire moderne par la Gravure*. Paris: Leroux. 4 fr.
 FURTWÄNGLER, A., u. G. LOESCHKE. *Mykenische Thongefässe*. Berlin: Asher. 40 M.
 MAIER, J. J. *Die musikalischen Handschriften der k. Hof- u. Staatsbibliothek in München*. 1. Thl. München: Palm. 4 M.
 MINIERI-RICCO, C. *La Real Fabbrica degli Arazzi nella città di Napoli dal 1738 al 1799*. Napoli: Furchheim. 4 L.
 SOLDI, E. *L'Art égyptien d'après les dernières découvertes*. Paris: Leroux. 3 fr. 50 c.
 STROMER, Th. *Murillo: Leben u. Werke*. Berlin: Wasmuth. 2 M. 25 Pf.

History.

- GOLLMERT, L. *Geschichte d. Geschlechtes v. Schwerin*. Berlin: Mitscher & Röstel. 150 M.
 MARTEL, le Comte de. *Types révolutionnaires. Etude sur Fouché*. 2^e Partie. Paris: Plon. 5 fr.
 PETERS, C. *Untersuchungen zur Geschichte d. Friedens v. Venedig*. Hannover: Hahn. 4 M.
 POSSELDT, V. *Quae Asiae minoris orae occidentalis sub Dareo, Hystaspis filio, fuerit condicio*. Königsberg-i.-Pr.: Hartung. 2 M.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

- FONTANNES, F. *Etudes stratigraphiques et paléontologiques pour servir à l'Histoire de la Période tertiaire dans le Bassin du Rhône*. Basel: Georg. 4 fr.
 HERMANN, L. *Der Einfluss der Descendenzlehre auf die Physiologie*. Leipzig: Vogel. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 IRMISCH, Th. *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Morphologie der Pflanzen*. 5. Abth. Ueber einige Aroiden. Halle: Schmidt. 6 M.
 PRUESMANN, R. *Der Organismus der leblosen Natur*. Hannover: Hahn. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 RASPAIL, X. *Monographie du Rossignol*. Paris: Imp. Laroche.
 SIMON, E. *Les Arachnides de France*. T. 7. Paris: Roret. 12 fr.
 WERNER, K. *Die Psychologie, Erkenntnis- u. Wissenschaftslehre d. Roger Bacon*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 70 Pf.

Philology, &c.

- CARDENAS, A. A. *Inscripciones arabes de Granada*. Paris: Letolle. 10 fr.
 JUYNDOLLE, A. W. T. *Jus Shafitium. At-Tanbith auctore Abu Ishak As-Shirâsi et codice Leidensi et codice Oxoniensi ed. Leiden: Brill. 9s.*
 MISTRAL, P. *Lou Tresor dou Felibrige, ou Dictionnaire provençal-français*. Livr. 1 à 3. Paris: Champion. 6 fr.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 3 p.m. (at Freemasons' Hall, Surrey-street, Sheffield). Miscellaneous, Annual General Meeting: "On the Production of Different Secondary Forms of Crystalline Minerals," by H. G. Sorby; "New Scottish Minerals," by Prof. M. F. Heddle; "On Some Cornish Serpentine Rocks," by J. H. Collins. 8 p.m. Quekett Microscopical Club.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MEANING OF "GORJER."

36 Brazenose-street, Manchester: Aug. 9, 1879.

This word, which has been borrowed by the canting fraternity from the Gypsies, is used by Gypsies to denote any person who is an alien to their race. Its real meaning was sought in vain until Dr. A. G. Paspatis, the learned author of *Les Tchighianès de l'Empire ottoman*, recently hit on its history and signification, and in so doing has added a link in the chain of Gypsy migration. For this reason the following extracts from Dr. Paspatis's letter may interest your readers.

H. T. CROFTON.

(1st letter.)

"The Greeks of Enos, Dedi-agatch, and Orta-kioi, in the province of Demotico, south of Andri-nople, call the donkey *gadjo*, a young donkey *gad-joli*, and a she-donkey *gadjola*. The etymology of this word, used by the Greeks, is unknown to me. Now, as the Gypsies call a Greek *Balamo*, i.e., swindler, rogue, have they not also given this word, donkey, to all foreigners? It is worth studying, and it may give the clue to the term so common for foreigners, or aliens to their race. I have written to a gentleman in those quarters, but I have not received any explanation of the Greek term, only that it is extremely common and well known. The Greeks generally call a donkey *γαῖδαρος*, a she-donkey *γαῖδαρα*. The ancient term *ὄνος* is rarely used."

(2nd letter.)

"I have in my possession a very extensive glossary of the Greek language spoken in Trebizond and its suburbs. The author of this excellent little work is M. Balabani, professor of Greek in Kerasunt, a city to the west of Trebizond, on the sea-coast. I wrote in my first letter that *gadjo*, a foreigner, is a common term in Enos and Dedi-agatch for the donkey. In the glossary of M. Balabani, we have *Κάτσος*, *αἰνα*, *ικον* (*τὸ κ σκληρόν*) *δυσμαδής*, *ἀμβλός*; that is, *Katcho*, *m*, *katchena*, *f*, *katchiko*, *n*. (the *k* hard); that is, *Gatcho*, *gatchena*, *gatchiko*, difficult to learn, stupid.

Κατῶνω (*τὸ κ σκληρόν*) *δυσμαδῶ*, i.e., *Gatchono*, *v*. (the *k* hard), to learn with difficulty.

It thus appears that *gatcho* is not a term peculiar to the inhabitants of Thrace, but to the region about Trebizond. Now, as the Greeks are termed *Balamo*, swindler, rogue, so the term *gatcho*, meaning stupid, has been given to foreigners.

"I do not know the origin, or rather the etymology, of this word. . . . [Here Dr. Paspatis explains *Zapari*, *ksilavi*, and other words, by M. Balabani's glossary, but the extract would exceed your limits.] Now these peculiar words, particularly *gadjo* and *Tchapari*, belong to the Greeks, and, strange to say, to the Greek inhabitants of Trebizond, who have always had very little intercourse with the Greeks of Roumelia. I think, then, that the Gypsies probably emigrated from Trebizond to Thrace in the tenth and eleventh centuries, when a very brisk commerce was carried on between Trebizond and Thrace. Thus I think we have discovered a new station on their route to Thrace."

"VICEROY OF ARABIA."

Ispahan: July 4, 1879.

Although the question is neither very important nor interesting, I beg you to allow me to add a few words. The "Wali of Resht" mentioned in Sir F. J. Goldsmid's letter was the Gásem Khán of my letter of March 20. He was Gásem Khán, Governor of Gilán,* and had

* With Resht as his residence.

the surname Váli. He died at Shiráz, as Governor of Fárs, some years ago, and his son Muhammed Khán (Governor of Yezd till last March) received the title of Váli some time later. Of the ten Vális enumerated by Sanson, only two, viz., those of "Lauristan" and "Aviza," are at present existing; the Bákhtiáris are under a chief called Ilkháni, the Mazanderán and Kermán Vális are extinct; the other provinces have ceased to belong to Persia.

A. H. SCHINDLER.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT AND
"MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE."

New York: June 25, 1879.

The rejoinder signed "C.," appended to my article entitled "An American View of International Copyright," which appeared in the June number of *Macmillan*, and was noticed in the ACADEMY of June 7, turns principally upon a single word, in the use of which the writer thinks he has discovered a weak point in my argument. I used the word "pressing" to describe the present status of the question of international copyright between the United States and Great Britain, and "C." very adroitly assumes that the pressure is felt by American publishers only. His theory is that they are so thoroughly frightened by the recent appearance of cheap reprints of English books that, in order to secure themselves against ruinous competition, they are ready to give up "piracy," and to offer British authors a form of copyright that will enable them to retain control of foreign books in this market. He virtually accuses them of resorting to sharp practice in order to attain this end, and assumes that interested motives only are at the bottom of their offer of American copyright to British authors. Even if this were the case, the question of motives is not under discussion. The only subject for enquiry is this, Is the proposed scheme just, fair, and practical? But "C." is mistaken in every one of his assumptions, and seems to me to betray an ignorance of the history of the controversy, even of what has taken place in England, which is amazing in one who undertakes to write upon it.

If "C." had examined that history with even ordinary care, he would have seen that the pressure for international copyright, as well as the most earnest recognition of its importance, has been on the part of British authors and publishers. Take, for instance, the Report of the Royal Commission appointed under the authority of the Queen, in 1876, to make enquiry with regard to the laws and regulations relating to Home, Colonial, and International Copyright. So important was the last branch of the enquiry considered, that nearly one-third of the evidence taken before the Commission was directed to the relations of England and the United States with regard to authors and reprints. The minutes of evidence published by the Commission fairly bristle with references to the United States, often pointed with the usual sneers of "piracy," "purloined wares," &c.; and most of the witnesses, both authors and publishers, were not only in favour of an international copyright with this country, but exceedingly anxious for the accomplishment of such a measure. I will quote but a single instance. Mr. John Blackwood, the head of the well-known firm of Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, used this emphatic language: "I hold that international copyright with America would be the greatest boon to authors and to literature, both in England and in America, that could possibly be conferred, and every effort should be made to obtain it. All other questions are small in comparison with that. . . ." This

* Report of Copyright Commission: Minutes of Evidence, p. 40, paragraph 825.

is forcible language to be used with reference to a matter in which, if "C." is right, British authors and publishers take no particular interest. If it was a matter of paramount importance in 1876, how, since nothing has occurred meanwhile to alter the situation in England, can it have shrunk into insignificance in 1879?

I could quote other witnesses to nearly the same effect if it were worth while to heap cumulative evidence upon "C.'s" head; but this is sufficient to prove the existence of a general British "pressure" for international copyright with this country, and I will now cite a recent instance of individual "pressure" from a British author, who was himself a member of the Royal Commission. As the letter was a private communication the writer's name is withheld:—

—: October 11, 1878.

"MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS,
Publishers, New York.

"GENTLEMEN,— . . . You will have seen that I have taken a great interest in the copyright question. . . . I believe one of the great difficulties hitherto has been that our English publishers have endeavoured to obtain inadmissible privileges in America. It is simply an author's question; and if you could get your Government to pass a Bill recognising the author's right, and no other, of course the result would be that you would negotiate directly with the author, or that he, if he did not avail himself of the form of registration and publication within, say, twelve months, would lose his American right altogether. . . ."

The foregoing letter was received by Harper and Brothers about November 1, 1878. The suggestions of the writer were carefully considered by them, and the result of their deliberations was embodied a few days later in a note to the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, in which they suggested the appointment of an International Conference to mature the terms of a copyright treaty between the United States and Great Britain. In that note they took occasion to recall the assurance given by them to Sir Edward Thornton in 1870 that there was no disinclination on the part of American publishers to pay British authors the same as they do American authors, and that American publishers simply wished to be assured that they should have the privilege of printing and publishing the books of British authors in this country. The writer's proposition, you will observe, does not consider the question of abstract rights; and the Harpers, accordingly, in their letter to Mr. Evarts, admitted that the scheme involved a waiver of those rights, while it secured practical benefits to English authors.

I wish to make one point more. In the course of his reply "C." asserts that "any author who has made his mark in England may get from the American publisher who reprints his books such royalty as the latter may consent to allow him, and if these allowances are threatened, they have not as yet been so seriously endangered as to excite alarm." This must have been written without consultation with British authors, whose interests in this country are "seriously endangered" by unauthorised reprints that prevent their regular American publishers from paying as large sums as formerly for priority. There is no British author, I think, who finds his receipts from America diminishing who will not admit that the question is decidedly "pressing," although British publishers may view his embarrassment with beaming nonchalance.

The case, therefore, stands just here: American publishers, at the "pressing" solicitation of British authors, proffer a practical scheme of international copyright, by which, as the Harpers said in a recent letter to the London *Times*, they propose to make obligatory and legally binding what has been for years heretofore a voluntary practice under our

law of "trade courtesy." The scheme is hailed with acclamation by eminent British authors, who see in it nothing to which they object, or which they wish to change. But the British publisher, who for years has been crying out against "Yankee pirates," stands sullenly aloof, grumbling: "I don't see what I am going to make by this arrangement. If I can't put my fingers in this international copyright pie, I would rather 'things should be left as they are.'" This is the key-note of "C.'s" rejoinder. He does not claim that the American scheme would be unjust to British authors, while the whole drift of his reply is to the effect that any scheme must be absurd which does not include provisions for the benefit of British publishers.

In conclusion, allow me to say that "C." had no right whatever to assume that I wrote as the special exponent of the views of American publishers. By so doing he charges me with false pretences, as I expressly claimed to set forth the views held by a large proportion of American readers. But, perhaps, I ought to feel complimented, as a party to a controversy, that my opponent, instead of meeting my arguments and statements fairly, should resort to *persiflage*, and to assumptions unwarranted by anything in my article or by the conditions of the controversy. S. S. CONANT.

SCIENCE.

RECENT BOOKS ON ACOUSTICS.

The Philosophy of Music. (Royal Institution Lectures.) By W. Pole, F.R.S., F.R.S.E., Mus. Doc. Oxon. (Trübner & Co.)

Beats in Music. *Nature*, vol. xiii., pp. 212, 232. By W. Pole.

Elementary Lessons on Sound. By Dr. W. H. Stone. (Macmillan.)

Sound. By A. M. Mayer, Professor of Physics in the Stevens Institute of Technology. "Nature Series." (Macmillan.)

THE well-known work of Prof. Tyndall on *Sound* started in this country a general interest in modern acoustics; this has now developed a demand for works entering in some detail into the various sides of the subject.

The work of Dr. Pole is that of an accomplished musician, who possesses a sound basis of acquaintance with the old school of acoustics. The portion of the philosophy of music on which the author lays most stress, and on which he speaks most unmistakably with the voice of a master, is the evolution and history of scales and modes, the materials of music. On the Greek modes Dr. Pole is one of our highest authorities. On certain details of evolution we are perhaps somewhat less in accord with him, but we rejoice to see the common-sense way in which the subject is regarded. The notion that the scale had a *natural* origin is well dealt with. "To prove the *natural* origin of the scale it would be necessary to show that some untutored person would be led to sing it by his untutored power alone, and this is certainly what no human being ever could or did do." This, expanded and supplemented by facts, states the preliminary position of Helmholtz unassailably. As to the probable process of evolution of the earliest elements there is a judicious reserve. We think, however, that the considerable amount of evidence which exists

for the early determination of fifths, octaves, and fourths by tuning the strings of the lyre, deserved mention. The whole tone is unquestionably derived by Aristoxenus as the difference of a fifth and a fourth. The treatment of the question of the various uses of chromatic notes in modern music is very sensible. As to the mode of reckoning intervals for purposes of explanation, we have always objected to logarithms. The memory does not retain them, and numbers that the memory does not retain are useless for purposes of explanation. On the contrary, musicians already know the numbers of semitones which approximately represent any interval, and the small corrections required are retained without difficulty when expressed as portions of semitones. But this is a small educational detail. The views of the position and functions of musical grammar are very sound. There is only one point in the book to which exception can be taken; this also appears in the essay in *Nature*, to which reference is made in the appendix; it is the failure to appreciate a certain fundamental element of Helmholtz's work. Dr. Pole's position may be described as in a sense conservative. But it is unfortunate, as without the element in question the advance of Helmholtz would have been materially less than it really was. The point is, there is a want of appreciation of the consequences of the extended sensorium—of the fact that notes of different pitch affect different portions of the aural mechanism. A somewhat similar omission, not carried to its consequences in the same thoroughgoing way, existed in the earlier editions of Tyndall on *Sound*; it was made the subject of comment in various quarters, and has been altered in the last edition, so Dr. Pole was not alone in his view. It is not too much to say that the solution of the question of consonance and dissonance (the question of Pythagoras) propounded by Helmholtz entirely fails if Dr. Pole's view be admitted. This view is, that the freedom of an interval from beats depends only on their attaining a certain rapidity. But this is demonstrably untrue, and it is not the position of Helmholtz. That position is that, in consonances of two different tones, the different tones affect different parts of the sensorium, so that there are no beats formed between the fundamentals. The same view leads Dr. Pole to maintain the existence of "Smith's beats" (expounded in Smith's *Harmonics*, 1759). But, if we admit the extended sensorium, Smith's beats can have no existence in the ear, for they depend on the agitation of the ultimate receptive mechanism by both notes simultaneously. It is not strictly our business here to offer arguments; but we may say that in the particular case of the mistuned fifth, treated of at length by Dr. Pole both in the book and in *Nature*, the experiments indicated by Helmholtz, which are easily repeated, and ought to be repeated by anyone desiring to form an opinion on the subject, furnish a conclusive objective demonstration of the absence of Smith's beat. There is no wavering whatever in the intensity of either of the primary notes. The beats all consist of either harmonic or difference-tone. The subject is susceptible

of further development, which we must reserve for another opportunity.

On the whole, we may give unqualified praise to Dr. Pole's work, so far as the specially musical and historical parts go. As an exposition of the position in which Helmholtz has placed modern acoustics it is not free from error. It has not been alone in this respect, and we cannot refrain from observing that the work of Helmholtz is itself more popularly intelligible than most of the popular accounts of it that have appeared.

The aim of the other two books we are considering is different. Dr. Stone's book is an attempt, and we think a very successful one, at a manual of acoustics for the student slightly acquainted with mathematics, and willing to work; it embraces notices of all the principal subjects, chiefly connected with music, the consideration of which has recently been introduced into acoustics. And it introduces the study of orchestral instruments, on many of which Dr. Stone is a well-known performer. With the exception of an occasional slight obscurity, the book strikes us as admirable.

Prof. Mayer's little book is again different in its aim. It is a manual of experiments. These are described in familiar but graphic language, and there are plenty of illustrations. The author proceeds on the plan of inducing the student to make his own apparatus, an excellent education for the experimental philosopher. The use of resonators in the manner of Helmholtz is scarcely dealt with at all; but perhaps that is rightly reserved for a more advanced stage. In other respects the selection of experiments appears very good.

R. H. M. BOSANQUET.

THE GERMANIC VOWEL-SYSTEM.

Untersuchungen über den germanischen vocalismus. Von H. Paul. (Halle: Niemeyer.)

THIS work consists of two treatises, which originally appeared in the *Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Sprache und Literatur*. The first, on "The Vowels of Inflectional and Derivative Syllables in the Oldest Germanic Dialects," has already been noticed by me in my last Annual Address as president of the Philological Society. The second, "Contributions to the History of the Germanic Vowel-System," is a group of more or less connected essays, some of which are a continuation of the investigations of the former treatise, and begins with a short but highly interesting sketch of the method followed, which is based on the assumption of the *invariableness of phonetic laws*, namely, that each sound under the same conditions can change in only one way, and that consequently, if the same sound changes differently in different words, only one of these changes can be considered as phonetic (physiological), and the other must be explained psychologically, by some kind of *association*. Thus, the Old-English preterite *bær* appears in Modern English in two forms, *bare* and *bore*, the former being the only possible result of a purely phonetic change, while the latter owes its vowel entirely to the analogy of the participle *boren*. Although the influence of

analogy, or form-association, is self-evident in such cases, its systematic recognition in the study of older languages is of very late date; but it has already been applied with brilliant success by Paul, Sievers, and others to the comparative study of inflections, and has, indeed, raised that study from the purely dilettante stage in which it was left by the older school to a rigorously scientific one. Paul goes on to show that the exceptions to the first principle are only apparent, the commonest cause of phonetic duplicates being mixture of dialects, as when Old-English *hál* gives both *hale* and *whole*, the former being the only possible Northern, the latter the only possible Southern, form. Often the irregularity is purely literary or scribal, as when archaisms are retained in poetry or later MSS. He rightly says that the field of dialectal study cannot be too much narrowed; but I would go further, and say that the ideal of invariability of sound-change will not be attained till we confine ourselves to the language of a single individual, and not even here until external influences have been carefully eliminated.

These essays are so full of profound and far-reaching generalisations and of unexpected elucidations of obscurities of detail, they show such a breadth of philological training and such a knowledge of the separate Germanic languages, that I can only single out a few examples here and there.

In the section on vowel-syncope and stress the author has followed up the pioneer work of Sievers with great success, and has established a most important law in the accentuation of trisyllables, namely, that the nominative endings had originally a weaker stress than the oblique ones, throwing the secondary accent back on to the preceding syllable, as in **mikiraz*, whence Old-Norse *mikill*, = **mikir*, with dropping of the unaccented *a*, while, conversely, the dative *miklum*, from **mikirum*, drops the *i* and retains the accented case-ending.

In other sections he shows the general priority of *o* and *u* over *a* in unaccented syllables, as in Old High-German *hano* over Gothic and Old-English *hans*, and completes some recent investigations of Osthoff by determining the law that *o* and *ō* preceded by *j* or *i* regularly became *e*, *ē*, although in the extant stage of the Teutonic languages the older forms have often been restored by analogy. He explains the Old-English change of (*ic*) *cwešo* into *cwēše* by the analogy of *nerje* from *nerju*, and very ingeniously harmonises the Old-English instrumental *dage* with the Old-Saxon *dagū*, by the hypothesis of a general extension of *ja*-stem forms, *-ju* giving *-je*. His rejection of the supposed *u*-mutation of *e* to *i* is also noteworthy; he dismisses the Old High-German *biru* as an analogism from *biris*, *birit*, and vindicates the Old-English *beru* as "urgermanisch."

Among the more special investigations, those on diphthongisation in Old Norse and Old English are of special interest. As regards the former, while agreeing in the general rejection of Schmidt's well-known svarabhakti-theory, he supports Schmidt against Edzardi in considering *ēō* (*jō*) to be older than *ea*, the latter being a later deve-

lopment before *a* (*skjöld*, *skjalda*, from prehistoric *skēöldu*, *skēolda*). He also shows conclusively that the alternation of *ō*—*a*, *jō*—*ja*, was originally common to all the Scandinavian languages. There is, in short, no shirking the fact that the oldest Icelandic practically represents the parent Scandinavian.

Paul has also cleared up many obscurities of Old-English phonology, and in some cases—as when he explains *mergen* from **mærgin*, and this as a blending of **murgin* and **morgan*—has anticipated my own views. I had also come to the same conclusion about *ed* from *au*, and can now cite the very archaic *Ædþald* = *Eādþald* from Bede. But I disagree with him as to the antiquity of the fractured vowels, and I think that, when the evidence afforded by the collective edition of the oldest remains, on which I am now engaged, is before him, he will come to the conclusion that their rise is scarcely more than contemporary with the oldest extant texts—namely, 650 about. Thus our oldest charter (679) shows no trace of them: *Berc(t)uald*, *Gumberct*, *Irminred*, *Bernhard*, *Aeldred*. In such words as *meaht* from historic *mæct*, the *h* which caused the fracture is itself of late development, and even the Vespasian Psalms, which carry out the fractures with greater consistency than any other text, show *e* not *eo* in *fehtan* from *fectan*, while *reohht* from *rect* is altogether exceptional, unless, which is doubtful, it can be assumed as the progenitor of the early West-Saxon *ryht*. Equally late is the development of round vowels out of syllabic liquids, which Paul erroneously assumes to be parent Westgermanic. When he is perplexed (p. 81) about the original root-vowel of *heorot* and *beofor* he need simply be referred to Bede's *herut* and the *bebr* of the Epinal glossary. So also the Blickling glosses (probably older than 700) gloss *ablactatus* by *from milcum adoen*, and *milc* is confirmed as the regular Anglian form by the evidence of the Durham Ritual; nor could the present *milk* ever have developed out of the Southern *meole* from *miluc*. It is greatly to be regretted that Paul has had to rely on the Surtees edition of the Psalms, which teems with the grossest blunders. Paul remarks (p. 47), "nur einmal *mihtrum*;" the MS. has the regular *mæchtrum*. Again (p. 45), he is puzzled with *geftum*, where the MS. has simply *gefum*. A re-edition of this precious text will form part of the work already mentioned. The Surtees edition of the Durham glosses is, I am told, even worse, but we now have all the Gospel texts complete in the magnificent Cambridge edition of Kemble and Skeat. The Ritual still awaits a competent editor.

HENRY SWEET.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A GREAT deal has been written of late years on the subject of the supposed historical development of the capacity for distinguishing colours, and it appears to be considered as an axiom by many who do not believe in the traditional story of the blindness of Homer that he knew neither blue nor green, and that his notions of colour in general were extremely vague and did not extend beyond a broad distinction between bright and dark colours. Mr. Gladstone, who was the first

to start this hypothesis as early as 1858, was enabled to publish it more recently in a more elaborate form, as he had found numerous followers, especially in Germany, among whom Geiger tried to point out traces of a similar defect of sight in the Rigveda and in the Zendavesta, and Magnus to prove, on physiological grounds, that the sensibility of the retina had undergone a gradual development within the last few thousand years. Although this alleged perfectibility of the retina would give us a splendid chance of the most important discoveries in science some thousands of years hence, we confess to a feeling of pleasure on finding, from Prof. Marty's interesting book on the *Geschichtliche Entwicklung des Farbensinnes*, that the facts collected by Messrs. Gladstone, Geiger, and others admit of a satisfactory explanation on totally different grounds from those brought forward by those scholars. If Homer does not speak of the blue sky or of the green meadows, it is simply because such prosaic epithets as these would not be in accordance with the laws of poetical diction; and the same consideration accounts for all the seeming anomalies and inaccuracies in those names of colours which he actually uses. It may seem strange that he attributes to the sea, now the colour of violet, now the colour of wine, and that he calls the blood purple or red in one place, and dark or black in another. But it is certainly quite as wonderful that he speaks of a singing bow-string or of the black skin of Odysseus, after his former beauty has been restored to him by Athene. It would be very unjust to tax Goethe with an inability to distinguish green from the colour of gold because he says that "the golden tree of life alone is green." Moreover, the ruins of Greek temples and the history of painting in Greece prove distinctly that all the colours which we now use were employed by the painters and architects of Greece as far back as the sixth century B.C.; and the ancient Egyptians, Chinese, and Indians knew them thousands of years earlier. Finally, all the physiological arguments adduced by Magnus have been successfully disposed of in Prof. Marty's clever little book.

A New Jurassic Mammal.—In recently examining the *Atlantosaurus*-beds of the Rocky Mountains, Prof. Marsh has discovered some interesting fossils, including the lower jaw of a small mammal, which he describes in the last number of the *American Journal of Science*. Hitherto the only known Jurassic mammal from this country has been the *Dryolestes priscus* of Marsh, from the same geological horizon. The recently-found jaw indicates a diminutive marsupial differing widely from any living type, and having its nearest affinity with Owen's genus *Stylodon* from the Purbeck beds of our own country. For the new genus, which is represented by the jaw lately found in the Rocky Mountains, Marsh proposes the name of *Stylacodon*, and for the species *S. gracilis*.

THE South African mail has brought the news of the death of Sir Thomas Maclear, for many years Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope. He was born in 1795, and educated for the medical profession, and for some years he practised as a surgeon at Biggleswade. But he became interested in practical astronomy, and made himself known by some observations and computations. In 1833 Henderson resigned his office as Astronomer Royal at the Cape, and Maclear was appointed to the post. He arrived at the Cape at the beginning of 1834, and prosecuted his astronomical labours at the observatory with assiduity and energy. Several causes, however, seem to have hindered him from reaping for himself and for science all the fruits of his exertions. The geodetical operations which he undertook for the Government in 1837, and which absorbed a great part of his time and

energy for a series of years, greatly interfered with the steady progress of his purely astronomical labours at the observatory. And the want of an adequate staff of assistants for promptly reducing the observations appears to have been a constant source of trouble and of backwardness. It is to be feared that many thousands of meridional observations made by Maclear, or under his superintendence, will remain practically lost to science by remaining unreduced and unpublished. In 1849 the long-felt want of a sufficiently powerful equatorial for extra-meridional observations was at last supplied, and Maclear could avail himself of the favourable position of his observatory in the Southern hemisphere to procure many series of excellent observations of comets, which are the more valuable and important as the comets were often observed in positions beyond the reach of observers in the Northern hemisphere. The results of Maclear's geodetical operations were published in 1866 in two volumes under the title, *Verification and Extension of La Caille's Arc of Meridian at the Cape of Good Hope*. Quite independently of its strictly scientific value, the work possesses some interest even for the general reader, as it narrates some of the difficulties and hardships which Maclear had to encounter in the execution of his peaceful task in such a country. In 1870 he retired from the directorship of the Cape Observatory. Ten years before, he had been knighted for his services. The extent of Maclear's astronomical labours, especially during the last twenty years of his directorship, is only imperfectly known to his fellow-workers in Europe, and it is to be hoped that full and authentic information will now be forthcoming, so that they may be able to do full justice to the merits of the veteran astronomer, who has now departed at the age of eighty-four.

FINE ART.

THE BEVERLEY MISERERES.

The Misereres of Beverley Minster: a Complete Series of Drawings of the Seat Carvings in the Choir of St. John's, Beverley, Yorkshire; with Notes on the Plates and Subject. By T. Tindall Wildridge. (Hull: J. Plaxton.)

THE Misereres in Beverley Minster, although not the earliest, are among the best-known and most generally characteristic examples of an application of the work of the sculptor which, between the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries, enriched our churches with the humorous fancies and exaggerations of grotesque art. Some of the Beverley Misereres have previously been engraved, as, for instance, those containing the arms of William Tate, "thesaurarii hujus ecclesie 1520," which will be found in Poulson's *Beverlac*. This date is an interesting instance of the early use of Arabic numerals in inscriptions, and the figures are much better formed than is usual in the sixteenth century. The two Misereres engraved in Poulson's work are represented on a larger scale, and with much greater sharpness and distinctness. Several have been engraved in Wright's *History of Caricature*. These and other casual examples, scattered in books dealing with more general subjects, do not militate against the usefulness or necessity of a careful representation of the entire series of the Beverley Misereres. Mr. Wildridge has accomplished his work with a fair amount of success. The drawings are evidently executed with great care and fidelity,

and the historical notes are sufficiently explanatory for the immediate purpose. The book is one which will be indispensable to those who desire to study Misereres, either in their relation to architecture or to the comic art of the Middle Ages.

There is a certain sense of incongruity in finding farcical and even indecorous scenes of common life portrayed amid the grandeur of a Gothic church. It is another instance of the close relation between the sublime and the ridiculous; but the juxtaposition is intentional. We cannot suppose that the builders were conscious of any impropriety or profanity in placing representations of a brawl between a man and his wife, or the vagaries of a drunken priest, or broad suggestions of vice, in the midst of a building dedicated to sacred uses, and whose

"sky-like dome
Hath typified, by reach of daring art,
Infinity's embrace."

The sense of artistic incongruity was, we must suppose, less highly developed then than now, and the Misereres, although striking instances, are by no means the only proofs of its more rudimentary condition in the Middle Ages. Scores of similar examples are to be met with in illuminated MSS. and in early printed books. Art is of necessity a reflex of the life in which it has its being, and cannot be limited to ecclesiastical themes or purposes. Hence the mediaeval artist seems to have rejoiced in opportunities of escaping from the conventionalities of religious topics, and shows his delight by transcribing common scenes, and by humorously exaggerating the comic elements of the life around him. At Beverley the range of subjects is a wide one. Some are symbolical in character, as the one representing the pelican feeding its young, which is carved on the archiepiscopal stall; others represent hunting scenes; one shows a pack of apes robbing a pedlar; in others we see dancing bears and monkeys. Several belong to the class of animal satires, and show scenes from the career of Reynard the fox, or such incidents as the shoeing of the goose. This is represented also at Whalley, with the addition of the following epigraph:—

"Whoso melles hym of that al men dos,
Let hym cum hier and sho the ghos."

The most interesting are those which deal with the life of the people. Thus we have a man blowing a fire (pl. ix.), a bear drawn along in a wicker-work barrow (pl. x.), three jesters dancing hand in hand (pl. xxii.), &c., &c. The evils of domestic discord are shown in pl. xxv., where a woman is thrashing her husband, while a dog is dipping his inquisitive nose into the cauldron. In the next we have the same quarrelsome virago about to undergo a process for the "taming of a shrew" that was in favour with our ancestors, but even in the tumbler her hands are working woe to mankind. A similar episode of artist life is shown in pl. l., where two carvers are represented quarrelling. There is no lack of character in the faces, and Mr. Wildridge may be right in his conjecture that they are portraits of the sculptors of these Misereres.

The zoological representations include the elephant, the lion, the ape, the fox, the bear, the stag, the dog, the wolf, the pig, the ram, the cat, the mouse, the hare, the owl, the

goose, the hen, the swan, the hawk, and such imaginary creatures as the unicorn, the dragon, and the mermaid. The personality of the devil was a prominent article of mediaeval belief, and his presence intrudes into several of these scenes. In one he is seen armed with the *aspergil*, chasing a lost soul. This is the central subject; on the left he is crouching behind a miser who is kneeling before his treasure-chest, and on the right he is grinning at a man who has a leathern bottle at his mouth and a ham in his arms. This is the mediaeval Cruikshank's pictorial sermon against drunkenness and gluttony. The representations of the Spirit of Evil do not reach any high level of imagination. He is the grinning imp of the Mystery Play rather than the Son of Morning, great, though fallen, who had become the enemy of mankind. There is nothing in these diabolic faces animated by the same artistic spirit that is shown in the terrible figure of the devil which the monkish artist has placed on the external parapet of the gallery of Notre Dame, looking down on the wicked world of Paris with a face in which torture, satisfaction, pride, lust, and all possible bestiality and wickedness are concentrated.

The Beverley Misereres, as a whole, do not belong to the highest level of mediaeval art, but they are fairly typical of its average, and are excellent specimens of its objects and methods.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE design for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's prepared by Mr. R. Popplewell Pullan and Mr. Charles Heath Wilson is now on view at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and Mr. Wilson has written a short pamphlet descriptive of it. There is a large, and, we must say, over-coloured and not attractive cartoon, representing about one-sixth of the dome, and also a smaller sketch, which differs from the other in several details, and is generally superior to it. The subject chosen is the *Te Deum*. It is proposed to divide the inner surface of the dome above the windows into eight sections, by means of richly decorated ribs of architectural character. The ribs spring from thrones, on which are seated figures of prophets, about three times the size of life, and over each throne is a standing angel. In the cartoon these prophets and angels are fully coloured, but in the sketch they are shown in monochrome, like the ribs themselves. This is certainly the better treatment, for they belong to the architectural rather than to the pictorial part of the design, and they are so large that, unless kept subordinate in their colouring, they will dangerously affect the scale of the work. It may, perhaps, be objected that the iconographic scheme requires that the prophets should be drawn like the rest of the personages taking part in the heavenly chorus. If so, let another place be found for them, and let other figures be placed at the feet of the ribs. In a scheme for this same work which we proposed a year ago,* we got over a similar difficulty by the introduction of allegorical figures.

The eight dividing ribs converge towards the centre. They have foliated caps from which spring arches, and over all is an entablature surrounding the eye of the dome. The spaces between the ribs are filled in their lower parts by an architectural composition, consisting of a colonnade raised upon a high podium or basement, the colonnade being broken in the

* ACADEMY, August 24, 1878.

middle of each main compartment by the introduction of a canopy or open niche. In each of these niches is enthroned an apostle, and between the pillars, and in front of the podium, stand saints and martyrs; the rest of the dome above this architectural composition is filled with a multitude of angels on a blue ground. They are scattered about in a very aimless way in the cartoon, but much better managed in the sketch, where they fill the whole space. On the plain space below the windows of the drum it is proposed to place a band of figures representing "the Holy Church throughout all the World," and on the top of the upper dome, imperfectly visible through the eye of the lower, is to be painted the Holy Lamb, on a gold ground. This last will be so far away that it cannot form part of the same composition as the rest, but as the subject may be considered complete without it that is not an important objection.

There is much in this scheme which may be improved on revision, but, taking it broadly, as we think its authors wish us to do, it seems to promise better than any other we have met with. Considered architecturally, it is far better than that upon which the committee are now engaged; and pictorially it is better, in that it is an iconographic whole, instead of a number of separate and but slightly connected subjects. The subject chosen is a good one, and though at present there are faults in its arrangement—as, for instance, the introduction of only eight apostles—they are not of the essence of the scheme. We cannot agree with the authors as to the desirability of a gold background if the work is executed in mosaic, and there are other points upon which we differ from them; but they have made a valuable contribution to the discussion of the subject, and we hope it will receive the attention it deserves.

J. T. MICKLETHWAITE.

ART BOOKS.

The Great Artists: Sir Anthony Vandeyck and Frans Hals. By Percy R. Head. (Sampson Low and Co.) No graver fault than that of slightness is to be found, we think, with this new volume of the series of "Great Artists," and slightness, it may be, was a necessary condition of the scheme of the work. The volume does not appeal to the specialist, nor indeed to the very serious student, but it says in a readable way to the passer-by much of what is known about Vandeyck and about his less courtly but more vigorous comrade in portraiture, and like other books of the series it is illustrated by cuts after popular pictures which present the art of the master in easily-remembered fashion. Mr. Head writes pleasantly; he does not belong, we are glad to say, to the number of those who deem that in the information they convey lies sufficient excuse for a slovenly or incompetent manner of conveying it. He is not only a burrower among petty facts; he is a writer who knows that it is necessary to be agreeable—knows that in literature it is necessary to be literary. Therefore his work is smoothly turned and of pleasant form, albeit—we are bound to admit—not more abounding in fineness or originality of criticism than in the research for minute facts. His work is indeed, and very frankly, elementary. Thus the story of Vandeyck's life gets told to better purpose than the story of his art. His career is pleasantly followed. The final chapter of art criticism is not without suggestive and interesting comment. Something of the affectation or mannerism of Vandeyck's method of portraiture is pointed out. We are told something of what he lacked, as well as of what he possessed. Mr. Head has views upon the influence of the artist's work on the popularity of the Stuarts. Vandeyck, he says,

appears to have painted about five-and-twenty pictures of Henrietta Maria, and about thirty of King Charles. These were popularised by engravings. Says Mr. Head: "It is hardly fanciful to trace much of the enthusiastic veneration with which generation after generation continued to regard the memory of the 'martyr-king,' and much of the romantic interest still associated with his name, to the character of the portraits by which his aspect was kept in universal memory. It is said that these alone, among actual portraits of real persons, have been used by considerable artists as models from which to paint the head of Christ. We need not overrate the influence on national thought capable of being exercised by works of art that are made everywhere familiar by copies and engravings when we say that Vandeyck is accountable for no small share of the strangely passionate affection with which a large section of the English people long cherished the remembrance of the unhappy and unprofitable Stuarts." With regard to the etchings of Vandeyck—most characteristic sketches upon copper—illustrative, though they are, of his force more than of his weakness, Mr. Head says nothing, or next to nothing; and it seems to us—though Mr. Carpenter's book is not by us for reference as we write—that the list he gives is shorter than Mr. Carpenter's. If so, has he any special authority to cite? We are aware that etchings attributed to Vandeyck have been as freely overhauled as the drawings attributed to him, and that some of them have been as much, and no doubt as rightly, discredited. Turning to Mr. Head's brief chapters on Frans Hals, we may say of them that, after acknowledging his obligations to certain foreign authorities, he proceeds to narrate, on the whole very fairly, the Bohemian career of the great man of Haarlem. Of this part of his study little more need be said. In the criticism we could have wished somewhat greater insistence on Hals's peculiar possession of the power to render the sight of the moment—the characteristic that fleets as well as that which remains. Hals was a great *impressionniste*, and we doubt if Mr. Head has been absolutely well advised in insisting so much on Hals's *genre* painting—on his place among *genre* painters. That is surely subordinate. He lives as a portrait painter; and his *genre* pictures, such as they are, arose out of his vivid interest in life, so that even when it was properly question of portraiture he came to portray his personage, not as isolated or, so to say, complete in himself, but as part of the world of men, and affected by them—taking share in some action, if only of laughter or of drink.

The Life and Works of Edward Matthew Ward, R.A. By James Dafforne. (Virtue and Co.) If, as stated by Sir Walter Scott in the motto chosen for the title page of this book, "It is the proper business of the Fine Arts to delight the world at large by their popular effect rather than to puzzle and confound it by depth of learning," then certainly Mr. E. M. Ward has fulfilled better than most painters the true aim of art, for his pictures have always been great favourites with the public. They have owed something of their popularity, no doubt, to the interest felt in the subjects he chose for representation, as it was his special study to find themes for his art in well-known historical events that were capable of effective pictorial treatment. It is somewhat to be regretted that he did not choose his subjects from contemporary history, for his works would then have had a value for future generations that they will hardly now possess; but, like many other painters, he was attracted by the greater picturesqueness of the past, and delighted chiefly in the Commonwealth and Georgian eras in England and the time of the Revolution in France. Happily, he was not tormented by

any of those exalted ideas about the nature of High Art which troubled a previous generation of painters, but was content to paint in a lively historical *genre* style, even when executing his wall paintings in the corridor of the House of Commons. In the present work we are given twelve *Art Journal* engravings from his principal paintings, illustrating a life of the artist by Mr. James Dafforne. Several of the plates, especially the capital one by Sharpe, of *Dr. Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-room*, have suffered somewhat from wear since their first appearance, but others are still bright and good, and will be likely to find favour with admirers of this mode of illustration. The Life includes a good many letters, both from Ward himself and from other painters to him, but it is too much spun out by detailed descriptions of pictures, a *genre* in which Mr. Dafforne particularly excels.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT is engaged upon a bust of Prof. Owen which will probably be in the Royal Academy next year.

THE South Kensington Museum has just published a catalogue of all the works of art and curiosity that have been lent to it and to the branch museum at Bethnal Green during the past year. Among these are several works which we have already noticed, and which still remain on view; but it may be mentioned that the fine collection of artistic jewels of the sixteenth century lent by the Marchioness of Conyngham has been withdrawn. These interesting works have indeed been recently sold—the superb necklace, with medallions representing the scenes of the Passion, to the Baron Adolphe de Rothschild, and the other seven pieces to the Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.

THE thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association will commence at Welshpool on Monday, August 25, under the presidency of C. W. Williams, Esq., M.P.

A CAUSE of interest to antiquaries and architects was tried at the recent assizes at Leeds before Lord Justice Bramwell and a special jury. A report of the trial is given in the *Eastern Morning News* of August 7. The plaintiffs were Messrs. Botterill, architects, of Hull, and the defendant was the Rev. R. Y. Whytehead, of Nunkeeling. At a few miles from Hull is the Church of Skirlaugh, which is well known as a valuable example of architecture from its style, from its having been but little added to or altered, and from its being dated. It has been noticed and illustrated by Britton, Pugin, and other writers. Some parts of it, especially the elaborate parapet and pinnacles of the tower, have become decayed, and accordingly it was decided, about a year ago, to restore it. A committee was appointed, and Mr. Botterill was chosen to carry out the repairs. The defendant, who lives in the neighbourhood, being informed that considerable repairs were contemplated, and that the proposed architect had little or no experience in that kind of work, wrote a memorial to the committee requesting them to take care that no unnecessary demolition should take place, and that "the work be placed in skilful and experienced hands." This memorial was sent to the various societies and individuals, and after having received numerous signatures was duly forwarded to the committee. Besides this the defendant wrote a private letter to the chief donors to the restoration fund with the same object, and stating that Mr. Botterill was "a Wesleyan who could show no experience in Church work." He wrote another letter of similar import to the vicar, which letter had been destroyed, but the contents of it had been

transcribed from memory and were taken as evidence. The plaintiff in consequence brought an action against the defendant for libel. The main charge of libel was founded by the counsel for the plaintiff on the words "is a Wesleyan." The defendant urged that the plaintiff had what might be called "no experience in Church work," and called several witnesses to prove that the drawings made for the restoration were inaccurately copied from the old work, that the course proposed to be pursued was not necessary or desirable, and that the building would in consequence suffer from the plaintiff's treatment. The jury found that the two letters were libellous but that the memorial was not so, and gave a verdict for the plaintiff with £50 damages.

One of our veteran Academicians—Mr. S. Cooper, the well-known cattle painter—was called upon recently to give evidence respecting a fraud which, it is to be feared, is too often practised for much pity to be felt for the unwary victim. Everyone knows how old masters are made to suffer for their fame by having miserable daubs fraudulently and ignorantly attributed to them; but the case is still worse when modern and living artists are made responsible for works which they never executed, since not only are the buyers cheated but the reputation of the artist is injured. Certain artists, it would seem, suffer more from this sort of fraud than others, their works possibly being more easy to imitate. Morland, for instance, had four or five pictures added to his account for every one that he painted, and Sydney Cooper apparently is now treated in like manner, for he stated in examination that out of 153 pictures submitted to him for verification only eleven were genuine. This is truly a terrible revelation of dishonesty, and yet the law finds it impossible to afford the artist any protection against this fraudulent traffic. In the trial at Bury St. Edmunds, at which Mr. Cooper appeared as a witness, a buyer sought to recover damages from a dealer for having sold him a picture signed "T. S. Cooper," which that artist indignantly repudiated, stating that it was not worth more than half-a-crown, though £32 had been given for it and some old china. The jury, however, were of opinion that the genuineness of the picture had not been directly guaranteed by the dealer, and so gave a verdict in his favour.

LOVERS of stained glass will be glad to have their attention called to the entertaining and scholarly article on "St. Neot's in Cornwall" in the current number of *Blackwood*. The remote Cornish village possesses attractions for the artist and antiquary which will bear a favourable comparison with those of Fairford, though Fairford has put forward pretensions to the great name of Dürer, and has been visited probably by thousands where St. Neot's has been visited by tens.

THE Kent Archaeological Society chose Romney Marsh this year for their annual excursion. The historical associations connected with this "fifth quarter of the world," and the number of ancient monuments contained in it, made the meeting of more than usual interest.

THE acquisition by the Belgian Government of the great triptych by Quintin Matsys at Louvain (see *ACADEMY*, May 3, 1879) has been finally accomplished, the Belgian Chamber having voted the sum of 200,000 frs. for this purpose. The town of Louvain wished, as before stated, to retain possession of this treasure, and at one time it seemed as if its offer of buying it from the Church of St. Peter would be accepted; but it is satisfactory to find that this splendid example of early Flemish painting will now be placed in the Brussels Museum.

A BEAUTIFUL female portrait painted by Gérard has lately been bequeathed to the Louvre, and has just been placed in one of the galleries of the French School. It represents the Countess Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély.

WITH the substantial aid of the Austrian Emperor, Dr. Heinrich Kabdebo will compile an Austrian artists' dictionary which will contain some 21,000 biographies.

PILOTY has finished a new picture, *The Last Moments of the Girondists*.

THE National-Liberal party of Germany have commissioned the painter Paulsen, of Berlin, to paint a portrait of the former president, Herr von Forckenbeck.

A COLLECTION of contemporary portraits of Catherine II. is being made at St. Petersburg.

The repairs of Strassburg Cathedral, necessitated by the war, are approaching their conclusion.

In the competition for the poet Runeberg's statue, the prize has been awarded to the Swedish sculptor, P. Hasselberg.

A VERY fine etching by Rajon of L. Bonnat's magnificent portrait of Victor Hugo in this year's Salon is given in *L'Art* this week. The same portrait was reproduced by some process of *photogravure* in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* last month, but the painting did not lend itself well to this mode of reproduction, and came out very coarse-looking and blotchy, whereas Rajon's etching is all that can be desired in quality and character. The trouble of thought vexing the old giant's mind is admirably expressed on his careworn countenance. It is a portrait that all worshippers at Victor Hugo's shrine will like to possess.

M. VIOLETT-LE-DUC is still continuing in *L'Art* his series of articles on "Decoration as applied to Buildings." He has now arrived at the Byzantine period of architecture, in which decoration of all kinds held a supreme place. Large illustrations are given in the current number of the interior and exterior of the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

In the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* this month is finished the interesting study of the Comte de Montmorency entitled "Un Grand Seigneur du XVI^e Siècle," the first part of which we noticed some months ago. Unhappily, between the publication of the first and the second part, which has been delayed by the notices of exhibitions, the learned author, M. Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, has died (see *ACADEMY*, May 24), so that the article in the present number appears as a posthumous work. To it is added a short biographical notice of M. de Lasteyrie, who has been for many years an industrious writer on art and archaeology. His works on glass-painting are well known. M. Duranty continues in a third article his remarks on Egyptian art, M. Baignères finishes the critiques on the Salon, and the Marquis de Chennevières gives a third article on the drawings by old masters recently exhibited in Paris. Several of these are very badly reproduced; indeed, the whole illustration of the number is below the merit that we have been accustomed to expect from the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. The best thing in it is a study of four Roman children at school, drawn and etched by A. Piccini, and printed by V^e Cadart.

WE understand that the success which has attended the issue of *The Magazine of Art* has induced the publishers to determine upon its enlargement, and preparations are being made to effect this change with the commencement of the new volume in October. The price of the magazine will remain unaltered.

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